

THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Gazette for
AUTHORS, READERS, AND PUBLISHERS.

No. 19.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1847.

THREE DOLLARS
PER ANNUM.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

No. XIX., June 12, 1847.

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Weekly, on Saturday morning, of the size of at least six-
teen quarto pages of forty-eight columns, sometimes en-
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Annual subscriptions \$3, payable in advance; single
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VOL. I.

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WRONG AND INJURY done by Marcia Willson in his
Pamphlet entitled, "Report on American Histories,"
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1847, showing also their trespasses on her Literary
Property. This Pamphlet is furnished gratis, to all
who will apply for it.

In the advertisement by the publishers of Mr. Willson's
histories in the last number of this paper, the proofs ad-
duced of the excellence of Mr. Willson's History of the
United States are mingled with attacks upon Mrs. Willard's
"Appeal to the Public." The proofs of these remarkable
and striking excellences are drawn from a paper written by
Mrs. WILLSON, HIMSELF, as appears in Mrs. Willard's
"Appeal," to which, with confidence, we refer the friends
of education. In reference to Mr. Willson's superior ac-
curacy," Mrs. Willard says:—

"The advertisement of his (Mr. Willson's) works is ac-
companied with several assertions of their superior excel-
lence, for the truth of which, Mr. Willson, the author, re-
fers to Mr. Willson, the Committee man!! Thus of that
History of the United States, which is an imitation of mine,
he says: 'This work presents the following claims to pub-
lic favor: 1st. Superior Accuracy. On this subject see the
accompanying Review (i. e. the Report); 2d. Chronological
Arrangement of Dates; wholly in New Style. See Re-
view.'

"That Review, let it be remembered, is his own work,
got up, as he himself says, while he was writing his his-
tory. Here Mr. Willson sits judge in his own cause,
and expects the public, not only to give their atten-
tion, but to become a party, by carrying his sentence into
execution, viz., by turning other histories out of the market,
and buying his."—*Appeal*, p. 16.

The second item of "superiority," is "Geographical
Notes." On this subject we quote a part of Mrs. Willard's
answer:—

"Again, in Mr. Willson's imitation of my plan of mak-
ing geography subservient to history, he has carried it to
such a vicious excess, as to tend greatly to its discredit. As
an experienced teacher, I would prefer Mr. Hale's History,
without any geographical illustrations, to Mr. Willson's,
with such a superabundance of geographical matter; and
that often used, as in his small maps, without any regard
to chronological correctness. For example, in page 117 of
Mr. Willson's book, under the date 1609, is placed the map
of New York and its environs, adapted to the present time.
This map, under that date, contains a greater amount of
anachronism than all combined, with which Mr. Willson
has charged other writers. To place Tompkinsville on
that map is an anachronism of about 200 years, and New
Brighton still more."—*Appeal*, p. 25.

Mr. Willson's "Chronological arrangement of dates,"
and "Marginal arrangement of questions," are fully ana-
lysed on pp. 20—23, and p. 26 of the "Appeal." We
quote the concluding part of sec. iv., p. 23:—

"The learned author already quoted [author of Oxford
Chronological Tables] for the proper distinction between
technical and historical chronology, after saying that his
concern is with historical chronology, adds, 'of which
(viz., historical chronology), it may not be too much to
say, that it is encompassed and perplexed with difficulties,
of which those only can adequately judge, who are acquainted
with the nature of the materials from which the chronologist
has to construct his system.' Then showing what some
of these numerous difficulties are, the preface of this great
work concludes by saying, 'Perfection in such a compila-
tion is not to be looked for;—let him tax his liberality in es-
timating its merits.' Such is the language of real know-
ledge. Great is the difference between this, and Mr.
Willson's 'superior accuracy,' see (Mr. Willson's)
Review!"

Mrs. Willard, in her Appeal, charges upon Mr. Willson,
that he has copied her general plan and methods of illus-
tration; that the pages of his book are modelled after her's,
in size and arrangement—and an analysis of fifteen pages,
viz., from the 43d to 57th, exhibits near twenty cases of
imitation or copying, and the same scrutiny of the other
pages, if attended with the same results, would show over
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Work and the *Abridgment*, are highly recommended by
some of the most distinguished Teachers in the Union, as
being works of high merit, both as to style and ac-
curacy. The Hon. Daniel Webster, in speaking of an
early edition of the work, says, "I keep it near me as a
book of reference, accurate in facts and dates."
New York, June 5th, 1847.

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ciation of the City of New York," in their report in Janu-
ary, 1847, say that they "have examined Mrs. Willard's
History of the United States with peculiar interest, and are
free to say, that it is in their opinion decidedly the best
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Reviews.

A Year of Consolation. By Mrs. Butler, late Fanny Kemble. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847. (Second Notice.)

EVERY ingenuous picture of a woman's mind is interesting, more so in the present transition state of the world than ever before, as many of the important questions at issue are involved in the position the sex maintains. There is, as we have already stated, the same agreeable vivacity manifested in this as in Mrs. Butler's former book of travels, and vastly greater maturity of thought. It is written with a characteristic want of method, and has no unity of design—as a natural consequence, perhaps, of the diary style, for which we confess a partiality. It gives freedom and scope of utterance and atones for want of arrangement by superior freshness and spontaneity. The scenic descriptions appear to us the most effective parts of the book. The author has a vivid sense of external beauty, and an eye for the impressive combinations of nature. Her enjoyment of the Campagna, of woodland excursions and the phases of the firmament, is aptly conveyed. She excites in this regard our sympathy, and awakens many pleasing reminiscences. Although she professes to know nothing of Art, her opinions on the subject are very confidently given. It is surprising that she invariably finds Guido "affected and weak." Did she ever contemplate his Michael triumphing over Satan? Certainly there is power as well as ethereal grace in that picture. We cannot but marvel, too, that she recognises so little that is affecting in his Beatrice Cenci. The resistance of an evil destiny is, indeed, wanting, but the pathos of human suffering has rarely found so beautiful an exponent. In Raphael's Fornarina, also, had she but considered it, there is a heartiness most naturally captivating to a delicate mind from that principle of contrast which is the legitimate ground of true affinity, that explains the artist's attachment. Her preference of the scenery around the harbor of Leghorn to that of the bay of Genoa is another instance of perverse judgment, attributable, we are persuaded, to some special association. The anecdotes of the new Pope are the freshest items in the book, and possess a vivid interest for all who indulge hopeful ideas for Southern Europe. His character and purposes seem admirably fitted to herald a better day. The lamentable unpreparedness of the people for liberal institutions, renders it absolutely necessary that their condition should be gradually modified. The light must be accommodated to the recovering sight. Mrs. Butler's speculative reveries on humanity in general and this country in particular, do not strike us as very original. She is doubtless right in estimating highly the prosperity and free arena existent here, and that the apparent destiny and present spirit of our nation do not coincide, is a truth which cannot be pressed too often. It is really amusing to notice with what a thoroughly womanish caprice, alimentiveness and acquisitiveness blend with romance in this "Year of Consolation." The Philadelphia market is described in a way that makes one's mouth water (for like all imaginative persons, Mrs. Butler's

memory has infinitely more zest than her immediate experience); she dwells upon those "sixty francs" which her wall-eyed *aubergiste* charged for a day's ride, with inveterate regret. It is quite evident, indeed, on all occasions, that she is one of those women of spirit who will not quietly bear imposition. Although we have admitted the earnestness of some passages, the verse scattered through the volume is in bad taste. Of the weakness or hardness (whichever it may be) of giving such palpable expression to strictly personal feeling, we have yet to speak; but even as specimens of poetry these fragments are crude and inelegant, although sometimes redeemed by a fine image. The blank verse is not euphonious, and the rhymes lack artistic beauty. That Mrs. Butler is susceptible of poetic emotion we do not at all question, but of the divine art she has practically a very inadequate idea. Her prose, especially where evolved without any eye to effect, is far more creditable, and we earnestly recommend her to limit herself to its fluent and occasionally epigrammatic periods.

Some of her comparisons are quite unique, and in the phrases she coins, she apparently has in view literal fact rather than refined expression; indeed Mrs. Butler, whatever other faults she may possess, is as little chargeable with fastidiousness as any lady we ever encountered. She is very particular and exacting in some things—"don't like liberties taken with nature," and is justly shocked at the "indecent curiosity" of Englishwomen pushing and staring amid the religious ceremonies of foreigners; but in regard to the use of language she evidently thinks it best not to be squeamish, so that she gives a vivid idea of what occurs. Thus she talks of the "hang" of a shawl, and of being cheated to the tune of twelve francs; of golden-skinned men and freely-shown legs; of stinking streets and nasty people; of having her bonnet stove in and her shins scraped. Occasionally this verbal independence leads to a quaintness and originality of expression quite graphic in its effect. We have heard many significant epithets applied to the yesty waves under a dingy sky, but Mrs. Butler, we believe, first discovered that they were bilious-looking. The sun has been characterized by all the terms that poetry can suggest, and Tennyson went so far as to call his noontide glow shameless, but that was because it looked upon the unveiled beauty of Godiva; it was reserved, however, for our fair traveller to discern something satirical in his glare. She compares the Roman aqueduct to the vertebrae of a huge serpent, and the church canopies to a four post bed, and speaks of the "waves of human absurdity," at the carnival, and the astonishing self-possession of Italian daisies. In her vocabulary, creature is the synonyme of maid, and a gouty Frenchman is a wretch. Almost all things present themselves to her mind either under a dear, a horrid, or a devilish guise, so that without these adjectives, we know not how she could proceed with any facility.

It would seem to be no conscious violation either of good taste or self-respect on her part, to indulge in personal details, which, however appropriate to a friendly letter, become altogether gratuitous when given to the public. To note one's sensations and keep a catalogue of physical experiences may be of use to the student of natural history, or afford pabulum to maternal anxiety, but it may be doubted whether such communications have any abstract literary value. It is a tax upon the patience even of friends to listen to minutiae of

this kind; how egotistical to expect readers in general to sympathize with them! Mrs. Butler is evidently of a different opinion. She is kind enough to inform us if she goes to bed dressed, and when her nights are sleepless on board a steamer from the vicinity of the wheel, if she leaves the deck for fear of catching cold, and how she likes her bath room. We are enlightened with the interesting fact that at Valence she had a chill, and at Autun highly relished a perch dinner; that on the fourth of January her laundress, at Marseilles, brought home her clean clothes; that her bootmaker at Rome disobeyed her orders, and that her stays were filled with confetti at the carnival. She prayed, it seems, in one "dear little old church," and laughed immoderately in another. She came extremely near fainting twice during her "Year of Consolation," once from the odor of garlic at a diligence office at Rouen, and once from the "smell of dirty fellow creatures" at the pilgrim feet washing in Rome. Her green velvet bonnet was covered with white linen to protect it from the flour on the last day of the carnival, and the sight of a colony of spiders frightened her away from the catacombs. She saw her sister's children in their cribs the night she arrived, and dipped her hands in the Mediterranean and drank at the fountain of Trevi; but while in America and France, was constantly annoyed from "an insufficiency of ablutionary privileges."

But she does not stop here. Truly saith Emerson—"There is hope in extravagance, there is none in routine." Our gracious lady never does anything by halves; she always, as the western people say, "goes the whole figure," and having so obligingly played the confidential in all these little external matters, she does not scruple to initiate us into a thousand secrets, and communicate the most delicious bits of information, "caviare to the general." Moliere says, of woman, "c'est une animal difficile à connaître." Mrs. Butler appears determined to lessen the difficulty by giving a complete insight into the idiosyncrasies of at least one specimen of the genus. She richly deserves a niche beside Montaigne and Rousseau for the number and variety of the facts of consciousness she has "set in a note-book," for the advancement of philosophy. Some of these are really extraordinary. For instance, the delicate, green foliage of fennel is indissolubly associated in her mind with boiled mackerel; the sight of a dry country parches her throat, and her eyes fill with tears at the morality and success of an English factory: she always feels as if she ought to be turned out of a church which she has not entered expressly to pray, and is very anxious to obtain the recipe by which horses' tails in France are turned up without a comb. Her passion for live water is irresistible. When the mouse-colored oxen of the campagna fixed their grey eyes upon her, she first comprehended the delight of listless inactivity. It irked her excessively to see coarse boots under the priestly vestments of the choristers. Her soul abhors turning back. She delights in forges; and the overcharges of the Italian shop-keepers quite disgusted her. The voluptuous refinement of a celebrated Venus proved very disagreeable; and the effect of coming unexpectedly upon a famous statue, was to keep her silent for a quarter of an hour! Two things excite her special wonder; one is, why everybody does not die at Rome—and the other, why she herself is considered a brave woman. She is remarkably cross when she is frightened. In the anticipation of instant murder, her mind is occupied in imagining what her father would think of it, and how

it will seem to the children. The cupola of St. Peter's, and the Juno of the Ludovici palace, made her feel exactly as she did at Niagara. All her revelations, however, are not personal. She occasionally brings to light general theories equally original; for instance, she infers that the statue of Mars in repose was taken during his *liaison* with Venus, on account of its tender air, and that Americans would make political use of the facts of chemistry if it were possible. We are indebted to her for the interesting truth, that a female servant cannot be, by any possibility, both useful and amusing, and that the divinity of the Roman women comes no lower than their shoulders. She is of opinion that French politeness is more wordy than actual, and that females enjoy unexampled consideration, on the mere score of sex, in the United States. She also has found reason to consider a spittoon quite a desirable article.

The pleasing traits in the book, are the liveliness and glow of its descriptions, and the eloquent, though occasionally strained philanthropy it breathes. The objectionable feature is indiscriminate unreserve, a quality in print altogether inexcusable in a woman, and to be deprecated the more because the amusement it sometimes furnishes, as before suggested, tends to bring it into vogue. Physiologists declare that the undue exercise of the mental organs in woman, by diminishing the activity of the vital system, gradually modify the distinctions of sex, and that the tone of feeling becomes masculine in proportion. This is morally true at least. Nature is no capricious mother; her laws are absolute, and everywhere and always she vindicates herself. The wild-flowers for which Mrs. Butler has so genuine a love, never become fruit-trees; and yet that there is a meaning in their beauty, and a purpose in their existence, we have sacred authority, though "they neither toil nor spin." We can only account for the apparent inconsistency between her sense of the beautiful and appropriate in outward nature, and her insensibility to the same elements in actual life, upon the theory that refinement of character and of perception are quite distinct—that publicity of any kind blunts the more delicate of womanly instincts; and even superior endowments, by changing the vocation, neutralize the attributes of sex. "Genius needs a world-wide utterance," says Mrs. Butler; and this may be true—but is it needful to give a world-wide utterance to private sorrow?—to open the sanctuary of the heart to the gaze of idle curiosity?—to furnish from the domestic hearthstone food for gossip; and make hackneyed all that is sacred and personal in experience and feeling, by claiming universal sympathy? Is not genuine sentiment too deep to be thus proclaimed? Woven in with this entertaining journal of a year's residence in Italy, are allusions to private circumstances and affections, singularly out of place in a book of travels. These references are needlessly explicit, and evidence an absence of delicacy in remarkable contrast to the fine appreciation of violet clouds, pure fountains, and rich foliage indicated in the context. The very title of the book is an indirect appeal; it seems like making literary capital out of personal afflictions—like coming before the public not as an authoress, but as a disappointed woman. Mrs. Butler's views of this subject may be easily inferred from her remarks upon Goethe's conduct to his friends—the original Charlotte of his Werther, and her husband. We disagree entirely with her in thinking that private relations must be sacri-

ficed to genius—that art has more imperative claims than justice, and that love and all its sanctities should be desecrated to ambition. It is owing to ideas of this kind that literature has lost so much of its natural dignity, and that its votaries so rarely enjoy that respectful social estimation which attends upon less abused pursuits. If the privacies of life are to be invaded—the candor of friendship betrayed, and even the heart's most intimate revelations appropriated as materials for authorship—the sooner an occupation which trenches so keenly upon self-respect, and the daily beauty of life, be resigned by the indiscreet, the better. A morbid passion for notoriety, and a gross egotism, are rapidly making the world a vast psychological museum, and society a confessional, wherein human nature is profaned by the broad scrutiny to which it is exposed. The great poet and artist draw from their inmost experience—but this is traceable in works of real genius, rather to the tone than the details, and is revealed by the strength of the under current, and not the sparkle of the wave. We cannot but infer, as we hear the touching symphony, or peruse the impassioned poem, that their authors loved intensely and suffered deeply; but the personal facts should be a sacred mystery, at least until death has canonized individual fame.

The Chronicle of the Cid, from the Spanish.

By Robert Southey. First American Edition. Lowell: Daniel Bixby, Merrimack street, 1846.

[SECOND PAPER.]

We took leave of the Chronicle of the Cid, in our last paper, immediately after the death of King Don Sancho of Castile, and the solemn combat in the lists before Zamora, before the good knight, Don Diego Ordoñez and the sons of Don Arias Gonzalez, touching the privacy of the people of Zamora to the king's assassination.

Thereafter, Don Alfonso was warned of what had passed, by his sister Doña Urraca, and returned from Toledo, where he had sojourned with the Moors; but before he left Toledo he swore solemnly to the King Almaymon that he never would go in arms against any of his sons, but would aid him against all other men in the world.

And, thereafter, for awhile, the Cid served the King Don Alfonso, as he had served the Kings Don Sancho, his brother, and Don Fernando, his father, and won for him the castle of Pasluengas, and two other castles, and defeated the Moors of Granada, and when, during the king's absence, the Moors had again entered into his kingdom, and laid waste the fields, and besieged the castle of Gormaz, the Cid gathered strength and went against the Moors, and when they fled from him he followed them to Atienza, and to Sigüenza, and Fita, and Guadalajara, and through the whole land of Esteban, as far as Toledo, slaying, and burning, and plundering, and destroying. And the king of Toledo complained to the King Don Alfonso of the wrong that the Cid had done to him, and the king took advantage thereof, for he had no love towards him, on account of the oath which he had pressed upon him concerning the death of his brother Don Sancho.

And the king banished the Cid from the realm, and forbade him, on pain of death, to tarry in it after nine days had gone over. Then the Cid gathered to him his cousin Alvar Fanez, and his loyal friends and vassals, and went his way to Burgos, with sixty streamers in his company. But no man in

Burgos dared give him harbor for fear of the letter which the king in his anger had sent to Burgos, saying that no man should give the Cid a lodging, and that whoever disobeyed should lose all that he had, and moreover the eyes in his head. So the Cid mounted again, and rode out of the town, and pitched his tent near Aslauan, upon the Glera, that is to say upon the sand; and, thereafter, followed this strange and characteristic incident, which we shall quote at length as throwing much light on the peculiar manners of the time, and particularly as illustrating that faithlessness which, though it would have been regarded as utterly infamous between Christian and Christian, much more so between knight and knight, seems to have been looked upon as a thing of course, perhaps rather creditable than the reverse, as a keen, clever trick, a mere spoiling of the Egyptians, when taking place between Christian and Jew, knight and trader.

"Moreover, the king had given orders that no food should be sold to them in Burgos, so that they could not buy even a penny worth. But Martin Antolinez, who was a good Burgalese, he supplied my Cid, and all his company, with bread and wine abundantly. 'Campeador,' said he to the Cid, 'to-night we will rest here, and to-morrow we will be gone. I shall be accused for what I have done in serving you, and shall be in the king's displeasure; but, following your fortunes, sooner or later the king will have me for his friend, and if not, I do not care a fig for what I leave behind.' Now, this Martin Antolinez was nephew to the Cid, being the son of his brother, Fernando Diaz. And the Cid said unto him, 'Martin Antolinez, you are a bold Lancier. If I live, I will double you your pay. You see I have nothing with me; and yet must provide for my companions. I will take two chests, and fill them with sand, and do you go in secret to Rachel and Vidas, and tell them to come to me privately; for I cannot take any treasures with me, because of their weight, and will pledge them in their hands. Let them come for the chests at night, that no man may see them. God knows that I do this thing more of necessity than wilfulness, but by God's good help, I shall redeem them all.' Now Rachel and Vidas were rich Jews, from whom the Cid used to receive money for his spoils. And Martin Antolinez went in quest of them, and he passed through Burgos and entered into the castle; and when he saw them, he said, 'oh Rachel and Vidas, my dear friends! now let me speak with ye in secret.' And they three went apart. And he said to them, 'give me your hands, that you will betray me neither to Moor nor to Christian! I will make you rich men for ever. The Campeador went for the tribute, and he took great wealth, and some of it he has kept for himself. He has two chests full of gold; ye know that the king is in anger against him, and he cannot carry them away with him, without their being seen. He will leave them, therefore, in your hands, and you shall lend him money upon your faith, that ye will not open them until a year be past.' Rachel and Vidas took counsel together and answered, 'we well knew he got something when he entered the land of the Moors; he who has treasures does not sleep without suspicion; we will take the chests, and place them where they shall not be seen. But tell us with what will the Cid be contented, and what gain will he give us for the year?' And Martin Antolinez answered, like a prudent man, 'my Cid requires what is reasonable; he will ask but little to leave his treasures in safety. Men come to him from all parts. He must have six hundred marks.' And the Jews said, 'we will advance him so much.' 'Well, then,' said Martin Antolinez, 'ye see that the night is advancing; the Cid is in haste, give us the marks.' 'This is not the way of business,' said they; 'we must first take, and then give.' 'Ye say well,' replied the Burgalese; 'come, then, to the Campeador, and we will help you to bring away the chests,

so that neither Moors nor Christians shall see us.' So they went to horse, and rode out together, and they did not cross the bridge, but rode through the water, that no man might see them, and they came to the tent of the Cid.

"Meantime, the Cid had taken two chests, which were covered with leather of red and gold, and the nails which fastened down the leather were gilt; they were ribbed with bands of iron, and each fastened with three locks; they were heavy, and he filled them with sand. And when Rachel and Vidas entered his tent with Martin Antolinez, they kissed his hand; and the Cid smiled, and said to them, 'ye see that I am going out of the land, because of the king's displeasure, but I shall leave something with ye.' And they made answer, 'Martin Antolinez has covenanted with us, that we shall give you six hundred marks for them chests, and keep them a full year, swearing not to open them till that time be expired, else we shall be perjured.' 'Take the chests,' said Martin Antolinez; 'I will go with you, and bring back the marks, for my Cid must move before cockcrow.' So they took the chests, and though they were both strong men, they could not raise them from the ground; and they were full glad of the bargain they had made. And Rachel then went to the Cid, and kissed his hand, and said, 'now, Campeador, you are going from Castille among strange nations, and your gain will be great, even as your fortune is. I kiss your hand, Cid, and have a gift for you, a red skin; it is Moorish and honorable.' And the Cid said, 'it pleases me; give it me, if ye have brought it, if not reckon it upon the chests.' And they departed with the chests, and Martin Antolinez and his people helped them, and went with them. And when they had placed the chests in safety, they spread a carpet in the middle of the hall, and laid a sheet upon it, and they threw down upon it three hundred marks of silver. Don Martin counted them, and took them without weighing. The other three hundred they paid in gold. Don Martin had five squires with him, and he loaded them all with the money. And when this was done he said to them, 'now, Don Rachel and Vidas, you have got the chests, and I, who have got them for you, deserve well a pair of hose.' And the Jews said to each other, 'let us give him a good gift for this which he has done;' and they said to him, 'we will give you enough for hose, and for a rich doublet, and a good cloak; you shall have thirty marks.' Don Martin thanked them, and took the marks, and bidding them both farewell, he departed right joyfully.

"When Martin Antolinez came into the Cid's tent, he said unto him, I have sped well, Campeador. You have gained six hundred marks, and I thirty. Now then strike your tent and begone. The time draws on, and you may be with your lady wife at St. Pedro de Candena, before the cock crows."

After raising the wind in this notable manner, the Cid left the kingdom of King Don Alfonso, and entered the country of the Moors. Here, it appears, he commenced by surprising the castle Castrejon upon the Henares, and from this, as a base of operations, proceeded to scour the country far and wide, driving off spoil and prisoners, the latter of which he put to ransom, and so gained much gold and silver.

After this, he took possession of the town of Alcocer, and took his abode therein; where he was besieged by two Moorish kings with three thousand horsemen. Sallying out, he gave battle to them, and routing them with great slaughter, took great stores of wealth, and five hundred and ten horses. And of this spoil the Cid sent thirty horses, the best of those which were taken from the Moors, all bridled and saddled, and each having a sword hanging from the saddle-bow, as a gift to the king who had banished him. And the king

was pleased, and entreated his messengers courteously, and gave permission to all those who should desire to follow the Cid, that they might go freely, and that their bodies, and goods, and heritages should be safe.

From that time forth, the Cid appears for some years to have waged war on his own responsibility against the Moors, the King of Aragon, and the French of Navarre and Savoy; as if he had been an independent monarch, taking towns, conquering countries, and laying them under tribute. After a time he was reconciled to the king, to whom he had ever continued a loyal and true subject; but the reconciliation was not, as it would seem, very sincere or lasting, for we find that almost immediately fresh suspicions were aroused in the king's mind against him, and he was a second time banished.

After this, the Cid again entered the Moorish country, and took the town and castle of Jaballa, which he fortified, and made a stronghold of them; and, after that, he laid siege to Valencia, and blockaded it on every side, and attacked it every day, "and none could enter in, neither could any come out; and they were sore distressed, and the waves of death encompassed them round about.

"Then was there a Moor in the city, who was a learned man and a wise, and he went upon the highest tower, and made a lamentation, and the words with which he lamented he put in writing, and it was rendered afterward from the Arabic into the Castilian tongue, and the lamentation which he made was this:

"Valencia! Valencia! trouble is come upon thee, and thou art in the hour of death; and if peradventure, thou shouldst escape, it will be a wonder to all that shall behold thee.

"But if our God hath shown mercy to any place, let him be pleased to show mercy unto thee; for thy name was joy, and all Moors delighted in thee, and took their pleasure in thee.

"And if it should please God utterly to destroy thee now, it will be for thy great sins, and for the great presumption which thou hast in thy pride.

"The four corner stones whereon thou art founded would meet together and lament for thee, if they could!

"The strong wall which is founded upon these four stones trembles, and it is about to fall, and hath lost all its strength.

"Thy lofty and fair towers which were seen from afar, and rejoiced the hearts of the people—little by little they are falling.

"Thy white battlements which glittered afar off, have lost their truth, with which they shone like the sunbeams.

"Thy noble river, Gaudalaver, with all other waters with which thou hast been served so well, have left their channel, and now they run where they should not.

"Thy water-courses, which were so clear, and of such great profit to so many, for lack of cleansing, are choked with mud.

"Thy pleasant gardens, which were round about thee—the ravenous wolf hath gnawn at the roots, and the trees can yield thee no fruit.

"Thy goodly fields, with so many and such fair flowers, wherein thy people were wont to take their pastime, are all dried up.

"Thy noble harbor, which was so great an honor to thee, is deprived of all the nobleness which was wont to come into it for thy sake.

"The fire hath laid waste the lands of which thou wast called the mistress, and the great smoke thereof reacheth thee.

"There is no medicine for thy sore infirmity, and the physicians despair of healing thee.

"And this grief would I keep to myself that some should know it, if it were not needful that it should be known to all."

If this be not beautiful and touching poetry, then we know not what poetry is; and this

was composed in Arabic, and rendered, we are told, into the Castilian language, at a time when all the other European tongues were scarcely emerging from barbarism, and centuries before anything of surviving literary merit was produced in French or English.

And this was the work of that noble, cultivated, and polite Saracenic race, who in every respect of civilization, toleration, and good faith, must have been ages advanced before the iron knights who subdued them; and from the date of whose expulsion from the peninsula, the evil days of Spain may be held to commence.

It was their faulty institutions and false creed, doubtless, which prepared the way for their ruin—their despotism, their Islamism, and, worse than all, their polygamy, with all its fatal consequences of sensuality, and divided households, and kindred murders, and patricidal warfare; yet it is impossible but to lament for the downfall of the Moorish lords of Spain, whose elegant and gracious arts are yet preserved in the exquisite ruins of the Alhambra, and whose memory is linked for ever with the name of Granada, their last loved abode.

The whole story of the siege of Valencia is terrible and odious in the extreme. The famine unendurable within the walls, the barbarity of the Cid without, roasting and torturing, stoning, and throwing alive to the dogs, the innocent and helpless fugitives from starvation, present pictures horrible indeed to the sober sense of humanity; but we fear characteristic rather of the nature of war itself, than of any peculiar age or institution. The breaches of Badajoz, the storming of St. Sebastian, the bombardment of Vera Cruz, the wholesale murders of the volunteers in Mexico, speak all aloud, all utter one dread sentence—the sentence of the Gaul on prostrate Rome, *va victis*, and teach the true philosopher, that the heart of man is the same under all institutions, and in all ages; and that when the restraint of law is removed from the passions of the bold, the impetuous, and the daring—when the spirit of the gladiator is aroused by resistance and inflamed by success,—cruelty is a certain, perhaps a necessary, consequence of war and conquest; and that the civilized man is hardly less obnoxious than the savage, to the charge of blood-thirsty wantonness.

From this odious subject, we shall turn to a curious anecdote, the last which we can extract; and which, though somewhat long, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting, so thoroughly naive and graphic is it, and so peculiarly characteristic of the ways of thinking, the costume, the habits, and the every-day life of those times. In our thinking, a disquisition of a volume's length would teach less on these points than the story of Martin Pelaez, the Asturian, whom of a coward the Cid made one of the best of knights; and whom we find hereafter continually figuring in the front ranks, and distinguishing himself among the bravest of the brave.

"Here the history relates that at this time Martin Pelaez the Asturian came with a convoy of laden beasts, carrying provisions to the hosts of the Cid; and as he passed near the town, the Moors sallied out in great numbers against him; but he, though he had few with him, defended the convoy right well, and did great hurt to the Moors, slaying many of them, and drove them into the town. This Martin Pelaez, who is here spoken of, did the Cid make a right good knight of a coward, as ye shall hear. When the Cid first began to lay siege to the city of Valencia, this Martin Pelaez came unto him; he was a knight, a native of Santillasea in Asturias,

a hidalgo, great of body and strong of limb, a well made man and of a goodly semblance, but withal a right coward at heart, which he had shown in many places when he was among feats of arms. And the Cid was sorry when he came unto him, though he would not let him perceive this; for he knew that he was not fit to be of his company. Howbeit, he thought that since he had come he would make him brave, whether he would or no. And when the Cid began to war against the town, and sent parties against it twice and thrice a day, as ye have heard, for the Cid was always on the alert, there was fighting and tourneying every day. One day it fell out that the Cid and his kinsmen and friends and vassals were engaged in a great encounter, and this Martin Pelaez was well armed; and when he saw that the Moors and Christians were at it, he fled and betook himself to his lodging, and there hid himself till the Cid returned to dinner. And the Cid saw what Martin Pelaez did, and when he had conquered the Moors he returned to his lodging to dinner. Now it was the custom of the Cid to eat at a high table, seated on his bench at the head. And Don Alvar Fañez, and Pero Bermudez, and other precious knights ate in another part, at high tables full honorably, and none knights whatsoever dared take their seats with them, unless they were such as deserved to be there; and the others who were not so approved in arms ate upon *ostrados*, at tables with cushions. This was the order in the house of the Cid, and every one knew the place where he was to sit at meat, and every one strove all he could to gain the honor of sitting at meat at the table of Don Alvar Fañez and his companions, by strenuously behaving himself in all feats of arms; and thus the honor of the Cid was advanced. This Martin Pelaez, thinking that none had seen his badness, washed his hands in turn with the other knights, and would have taken his place among them. And the Cid went unto him, and took him by the hand, and said, You are not such a one as deserves to sit with these, for they are worth more than you or me, but I will have you with me; and he seated him with himself at table. And he, for lack of understanding, thought that he did this to honor him above the others. On the morrow the Cid and his company rode towards Valencia, and the Moors came out to the tourney; and Martin Pelaez went out well armed, and was among the foremost who charged the Moors, and when he was in among them he turned the reins, and went back to his lodging; and the Cid took heed to all that he did, and saw that though he had done badly, he had done better than the first day. And when the Cid had driven the Moors into the town he returned to his lodging, and as he sat down to meat he took this Martin Pelaez by the hand, and seated him with himself, and bade him eat with him, in the same dish, for he had deserved more that day than he did the first. And the knight gave heed to that saying, and was abashed; howbeit he did as the Cid commanded him; and after he had dined he went to his lodging and began to think upon what the Cid had said unto him, and perceived that he had seen all the business which he had done; and then he understood that for this cause he would not let him sit at the board with the other knights, who were furious in arms, but had seated him with himself more to affront him than to do him honor, for there were other knights there better than he, and he did not show them that honor. Then resolved he in his heart to do better than he had done heretofore. Another day the Cid and his company and Martin Pelaez rode towards Valencia, and the Moors came out to the tourney resolutely, and Martin Pelaez was among the first, and charged them right boldly, and he smote down and slew presently a good knight, and he lost there all the bad fear which he had had, and was that day one of the best knights there; and as long as the tourney lasted, there he remained, smiting and slaying and overthrowing the Moors, till they were driven within the gates, in such manner

that the Moors marvelled at him, and asked where that Devil came from, for they had never seen him before. And the Cid was in a place where he could see all that was going on, and he gave good heed to him, and had great pleasure in beholding him, to see how well he had forgotten the great fear which he was wont to have. And when the Moors were shut up within the town, the Cid and all his people returned to their lodging, and Martin Pelaez full leisurely and quietly went to his lodging also, like a good knight. And when it was the hour of eating the Cid waited for Martin Pelaez, and when he came, and they had washed, the Cid took him by the hand, and said, My friend, you are not such a one as deserves to sit with me from henceforth, but sit you here with Don Alvar Fañez, and with these other good knights, for the good feats which you have done this day, have made you a companion for them; and from that day forward he was placed in the company of the good. And the history saith that from this day forward this knight Martin Pelaez was a right good one, and a right valiant, and a right precious, in all the places where he chanced among feats of arms, and he lived along with the Cid, and served him right well and truly. And the history saith, that after the Cid had won the city of Valencia, on the day when they conquered and discomfited the king of Seville, this Martin Pelaez was so good a one, that setting aside the body of the Cid himself, there was no such good knight there, nor one who bore such part, as well in the battle as in the pursuit. And as great was the mortality which he made among the Moors that day, that when he returned from the business the sleeves of his mail were clotted with blood, up to the elbow; insomuch that for what he did that day, his name is written in this history, that it may never die. And when the Cid saw him come in that guise, he did him great honor, such as he never had done to any knight, before that day, and from thenceforth gave him a place in all his actions, and in all his secrets, and he was his great friend. In this knight, Martin Pelaez, was fulfilled the example which saith, that he who betaketh himself to a good tree, hath good shade, and he who serves a good lord winneth good guerdon; for by reason of the good service which he did the Cid, he came to such good state that he was spoken of as ye have heard; for the Cid knew how to make a good knight, as a good groom knows how to make a good horse."

With this curious passage we must take leave—and we do so reluctantly—of the Chronicle of the Cid; we would fain go through the story of the marriage of his daughters with the Infantes of Carrion, and the dishonor they incurred at the hands of their husbands, and of the strange scenes in the Cortez, and of the great combat in which they were avenged—for in all this there is much entertainment for the mere seeker of amusement, and much subject of deep thought for the philosopher; but our limits forbid us from following our pleasure.

We recommend the work earnestly to our readers; it is a beautiful composition, beautifully translated, and lastly—to the credit of the publishers—beautifully got up. Read it, and you will not regret the price, or the time expended.

Voyage up the Amazon. By William H. Edwards. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A most elegant and gentlemanly Turk, whose whole atmosphere breathed of weight and stateliness, being invited to an English entertainment, looked with mingled expressions of surprise and shame upon his fine countenance, as he beheld guest after guest take a stand upon the floor, and dance with great earnestness and solemnity. Unable to bear the scene any longer, he gently touched the sleeve of the host and inquired, "why do you not let your

servants do this for you?" Now in the process of luxury, we are certainly reaching the very same point of refinement already attained by the Turk. Every nook and corner of the broad earth is being explored, and we have nothing to do but recline in cushioned arm-chairs, and with bouquet or cigar in hand, as the sex may justify, luxuriate in the results of all the toil, trouble, and learning of scores of travellers.

For ourselves, we doubt if we should desire to have a more living sense of the power and tenacity of the carapanas or mosquitoes, than what we get from the graphic descriptions of Mr. Edwards, and as to eating monkey, parrot, and alligator tail, we confess to a preference in doing such things by proxy; but the book abounds with the most alimentive-provoking descriptions of fruits and flowers, that stir one's remaining drops of Eden blood at the naming, and these we would prefer in propria persona.

Truly this is a most agreeable and readable book, with little in the way of startling incident, yet plunging one directly into the labyrinthine luxuriance of a tropical region. We feel interested and amused in all the odd conceits and whims of a man bent upon enjoyment, who makes no parade about what he is doing.

The author left New York, Feb. 1846, in the bark Undine, Capt. Appleton, for Pará, and from thence "ascended the Amazon to a higher point, than to his knowledge any American had ever been before;" then fellow impressions, excursions, and descriptions, all given with the utmost directness and familiarity. Hear him tell of the *pets* of Pará.

"Our first excursion extended no further than the garden, at the rear of the house; but even that little distance opened to us a new world. It was laid out in home style, with neat walks and raised flower-beds. A number of curious birds were skulking among the shrubbery, or stalking along the path with the dignity and self-possession of birds at home. The domestication of wild birds, we afterwards found to be common throughout the province. They are restrained from truancy by the high fences that surround the gardens: and ibises and spoonbills, varieties of herons, rails, *et multi alii*, are as frequently seen as domestic fowls. But the legitimate occupants were of greater interest than these strangers: and here grew in perfection, the banana, the orange, the fig, the tamarind, the cotton tree, the sugar cane; and over the fence, on the soil of a neighbor, a lofty cocoa tree displayed its clusters of ripening nuts. Instead of the puny sensitive-plant, that, in the north, struggles almost hopelessly for frail existence, a giant shrub threw out its nervous arms, all flowering, and the attraction of passing butterflies.

"Amid this profusion, there was nothing to remind us of the home that we had left; but, afar off, in one lone corner, stood a solitary stalk of Indian corn, lank and lean, an eight feet spindling, clasped nervously by one sorry ear. Poor thing, it spoke touchingly of exile.

"Passing out of the garden, our next visit was complimentary to an eel: not one of the unhal-lowed denizens of muddy ponds, or stagnant waters; but an electrical eel, large and handsome, swimming about in his tub of clear rain water, with the grace of a water king. This fellow was about four feet in length, and along his whole lower part extended a wide fin, by whose curvings he appeared to propel himself. We often, afterwards, amused our leisure in observing this eel, and in experimenting upon his electrical power. This did not seem to be concentrated in any particular part, or organ, for touch him where we would, the violence of the shock seemed the same, and equalled an ordinary shock from a machine. When very hungry, or particularly spiteful, he would transmit his

power through the water to a considerable distance. His usual food was crabs, and when these were thrown in to him, he swam towards them, stunned them by a touch of his head, and either caught them immediately, or allowed them to fall to the bottom of the tub, to be devoured at leisure.

"These eels are common in the small streams about Pará, and, indeed, throughout the whole northern part of the continent, and they often attain great size. One that we afterwards saw at Senhor Pombo's, was about six feet long, and five or six inches in diameter. We heard frequent accounts of their power over large animals in the water. The negroes catch them by first teasing them, until they have exhausted the electrical power. We ate of them, at different times, but they were too fishy in taste to be agreeable, without strong correctives.

"Near by, was disclosed to us a young anaconda, nicely coiled up in the bottom of a barrel, and looking as innocent as a dove. This fellow was pointed out as something rather diminutive, but to our unfamiliar eyes, a snake of ten feet length seemed very like a monster. His customary food was rats. These snakes are kept about many houses in Pará for protection against rats, and two who had escaped from Mr. Norris's barrels, now prowled at large, and effectually cleared the premises of these vermin. They are perfectly harmless, and never molest domestic fowls or animals upon the premises, excepting, now and then, a young chicken."

A description like this is apt to engender discontent at the *scentlings* of our northern clime, but then we remember that our black snake is a very respectable constrictor, and may be kept in a barrel, likewise, to kill rats; our ducks and geese do very well for orderly domesticity, although not hardly as unique as "ibises and spoonbills;" as to the eel, we might offset him with a rattlesnake.

The multitudinous grandeur of these Brazilian forests must transcend all description; in our closets we feel their denseness; as we read, the solemnity of these great alcoves stills the heart like the cathedral hymn. Here is a night upon the Amazon.

"The scenery about the mill is very fine. In front, the stream, a broad lake at high water, and a tiny brook at other times, skirting a low meadow, at the distance of a hundred rods, is lost in the embowering shrubbery. All beyond is a dense forest. Upon the meadow, a number of large, fat cattle are browsing on the coarse grass, and flocks of Jacanas, a family of water-birds remarkable for their long toes, which enable them to step upon the leaves of lilies and other aquatic plants, are flying with loud cries from one knoll to another. Back of the mill, the road leads towards the city, and to the right and left are well-beaten paths, leading to small, clear lakes, from which the mill derives its water. The whole vicinity was formerly a cultivated estate, but the grounds are now densely overgrown. At the distance of a mile, the road crosses what is called the first bridge, which spans a little stream that runs sporting through the woodland. The color of the water of this, and other small streams, is of a reddish cast, owing, doubtless, to the decomposing vegetation. It is, however, very clear, and fishes, and eels, may at any time be seen playing among the logs and sticks which strew the bottom. Beyond this bridge is the primeval forest. Trees of incredible girth tower aloft, and from their tops one in vain endeavors to bring down the desired bird with a fowling-piece. The trunks are of every variety of form, round, angular, and sometimes resembling an open net-work, through which the light passes in any direction. Amid these giants, very few low trees or little underbrush interferes with one's movements, and very rarely is the path intercepted by a fallen log. But about the trees cling huge snake-like vines, winding round and round the trunks, and through the branches sending their long arms,

binding tree to tree. Sometimes they throw down long feelers, which swing in mid air, until they reach the ground, when, taking root, they, in their turn, throw out arms that cling to the first support. In this way, the whole forest is linked together, and a cut tree rarely falls without involving the destruction of many others. This creeping vine is called *sewaw*, and, having the strength and flexibility of rope, is of inestimable value in the construction of houses, and for various other purposes.

"Around the tree trunks clasp those curious anomalies, parasitic plants, sometimes throwing down long, slender roots to the ground, but generally deriving sustenance only from the tree itself, and from the air; called hence, appropriately enough, *air-plants*. These are in vast numbers, and of every form, now resembling lilies, now grasses, or other familiar plants. Often, a dozen varieties cluster upon a single tree. Towards the close of the rainy season, they are in blossom, and their exquisite appearance, as they encircle the mossy and leafed trunk, with flowers of every hue, can scarcely be imagined. At this period, too, vast numbers of trees add their tribute of beauty, and the flower-doomed forest, from its many colored altars, ever sends heavenward worshipful incense. Nor is this wild luxuriance unseen or unenlivened. Monkeys are frolicking through festooned bowers, or chasing in revelry over the wood arches. Squirrels scamper in ecstasy from limb to limb, unable to contain themselves for joyousness. Coatis are gamboling among the fallen leaves, or vying with monkeys in nimble climbing. Pacas and agoutis chase wildly about, ready to scud away at the least noise. The sloth, enlivened by the general inspiration, climbs more rapidly over the branches, and seeks a spot, where, in quiet and repose, he may rest him. The exquisite, tiny deer, scarcely larger than a lamb, snuffs exultingly the air, and bounds fearlessly, knowing that he has no enemy here.

"Birds of gaudiest plumage flit through the trees. The trogon, lonely sitting in her leaf-encircled home, calls plaintively to her long absent mate. The motmot utters his name in rapid tones. Tucano, tucano, comes loudly from some fruit-covered tree, where the great toucans are rioting. 'Noiseless chatters' flash through the branches. The loud rattling of the woodpecker comes from some topmost limb; and tiny creepers, in livery the gayest of the gay, are running up the tree trunks, stopping now and then, their busy search, to gaze inquisitively at the strangers. Pairs of chiming-thrushes are ringing their alternate notes, like the voice of a single bird. Parrots are chattering; paroquets screaming. Manakins are piping in every low tree, restless, never still. Woodpeckers, the 'birds of the painted breasts,' fly startled; and pheasants, of a dozen varieties, go whirling off. But, most beautiful of all, humming birds, living gems, and surpassing aught that's brilliant save the diamond, are constantly darting by; now, stopping an instant, to kiss the gentle flower, and now, furiously battling some rival humbler. Beijar flor, kiss-flower, 'tis the Brazilian name for the humming bird, beautifully appropriate. Large butterflies float past, the bigness of a hand, and of the richest metallic blue; and from the flowers above, comes the distant hum of myriads of gayly coated insects. From his hole in the sandy road, the harmless lizard, in his gorgeous covering of green and gold, starts nimbly forth, stopping, every instant, with raised head and quick eye, for the appearance of danger; and armies of ants, in their busy toil, are incessantly marching by.

"How changed from all this is a night scene. The flowers, that bloomed by day, have closed their petals, and, nestled in their leafy beds, are dreaming of their loves. A sister host now take their place, making the breezes to intoxicate with perfume, and exacting homage from bright, starry eyes. A murmur, as of gentle voices, floats upon the air. The moon darts down her glittering rays, till the flower-enamelled plain

glistens like a shield: but in vain she strives to penetrate the denseness, except some fallen tree betrays a passage. Below, the tall tree trunk rises dimly through the darkness. Huge moths, those fairest of the insect world, have taken the places of the butterflies, and myriads of fire-flies never weary in their torch-light dance. Far down the road, comes on a blaze, steady, streaming like a meteor. It whizzes past, for an instant the space is illumined, and dewy jewels from the leaves throw back the radiance. 'Tis the lantern-fly, seeking what he himself knows best, by the fiery guide upon his head. The air of the night bird's wing fans your cheek, or you are startled by his mournful note, wac-o-row, wac-o-row, sounding dolefully, by no means so pleasantly as our whippoorwill. The armadillo creeps carelessly from his hole, and, at slow pace, makes for his feeding ground; the opossum climbs stealthily up the tree, and the little ant-eater is out pitilessly marauding.

"All this supposes pleasant weather; but a storm in these forests has an interest, though of a very different kind. Heavy clouds come drifting from the east, preceded by a low, ominous murmur, as the big drops beat upon the roof of leaves. Rapidly this deepens into a terrific roar; the forest rocks beneath the fury of the blast, and the crashing fall of trees resounds fearfully. Tornadoes are unfrequent; but one, while we were at the mills, swept through the forest, now, hurling aside the massive trees like weightless things, and now, tripping carelessly, only taking tribute of the topmost boughs—sportive in its fierceness. We were struck by the absence of thunder and lightning in the furious pourings of the rainy season. The clouds came to their daily task gloomily, as though pining for a holiday, and, in the weariness of forced toil, forgot their wantonness."

As to eating monkeys, opinions and taste will need differ upon the point. We should bethink ourselves of the Egyptian gods, and question whether the act might not be sacrilegious; we should image the naughty Satyrs of old, and scruple to digest alimentively what the elegant Greek had transformed into a sylvan deity; we should think of every little ugly imp that bestrides a pony in the menagerie, or presents a hat in behalf of the Organ-player, and begin to speculate as to what degree of intelligence is requisite to souldom, and the monkey would cool before we should decide the point; and if the truth must out, we should think of Lord Monboddos's men, and our philosophy would ooze out like Falstaff's courage. Happily, our author found a less circuitous path by way of decision.

"Not unfrequently the fruit of our hunting excursions was a monkey, and we considered this most acceptable, as it furnished our table with a meal, delicious, though not laid down in the cookery books. These animals are eaten throughout the province, and are in esteem beyond any wild game. Whatever repugnance we felt at first, was speedily dissipated, and often, in regard to this as well as other dishes, we had reason to congratulate ourselves, that our determination of partaking of whatever was set before us, discovered to our acquaintance many agreeable dishes, and never brought us into trouble."

Many erudite commentators have been in doubt as to the animal which caused the death of Tom Thumb, and naturalists have questioned as to the qualities ascribed to the tarantula, but after reading of a Brazilian spider, as described below, we trust all doubt will be for ever laid to sleep.

"We encountered a spider, leisurely crossing the road, that might rival the tarantula in bigness. A sharpened stick pinned him to the earth, and we bore him in triumph to town. Across his outstretched legs none of us could span, and his sharp teeth were like hawk's claws. This species spins no web, but lives in

hollow logs, and probably feeds upon huge insects, perhaps small animals, or birds."

The travellers encountered many agreeable personages on their route, and were received by the residents, Spanish, Portuguese, and American, with the most cordial hospitality. Senhor Godinho seems to have been a humorist, and not indisposed to amuse himself with the very natural love for the marvellous, so predominant in all sight-searchers.

"A letter from Senhor Godinho to his wife, requested her to send us a singular pet animal, which the Senhor described as small, having a broad tail, with which, umbrella-like, it shielded itself from the rain, and lightning-like capacity for moving among the trees, now at the bottom, and, quicker than thought, at the top. But most curious of all, and most positively certain, this little quadruped was hatched from an egg. We suggested to the Senhor various animals, but our description of none answered. Of course, curiosity was at a boiling point. We had heard of furred animals with ducks' bills, and hairy fish that chewed the cud; of other fishes that went on shore and climbed trees; of two-headed calves, and Siamese twins; but here, at last, was something unique—an animal hatched from an egg—more wonderful than Hydrargoses, and a speculation to make the fortunes of young men of enterprise. All day we waited, and nothing came; the next morning dawned, the noon bell tolled, and we, at last, concluded that the Senhor had been loath to part with so singular a pet, and that the instructions of her honored lord were to be unheeded. Dinner came, soup was on our plates, spoons were in our hands, and curiosity had expended itself by its own lashings, when a strange footstep was heard at the door-way, and a well-dressed, dusky Rachel appeared, bearing a carefully covered cuya intuitively to A—. Here was the wonder. What is it? What can it be? What is it like? Down went soup spoons; suspense was painful. First, unrolled a clean, little white sheet—second, another of the same,—the slightest possible end of a tail protruded from under a third, a little round nose and a whisker peeped from the remaining cotton,—and up leaped one of the prettiest little squirrels in the world. The little darling! Everybody wanted him; everybody played with him; and for a long time, he was the pet of the family, running about the house as he listed."

Birds, flowers, shells, all excite the enthusiasm of the travellers, and the skies bend over them with a depth and effulgence most beautiful and impressive.

"At night, we preferred the open air to the confinement of the cabin, and never wearied in admiring the magnificence of the skies, or in tracing the fantastic shapes that were mapped out upon them in a profusion inconceivable to those who are only acquainted with the skies of the northern hemisphere. I have alluded to this before; but so interesting a phenomenon deserves further notice. This increased brilliance of the tropical skies is owing to the purity of the atmosphere, which is absolutely free from those obscuring, murky vapors, that deaden light in other latitudes. The sky itself is of the intensest blue, and the moon seems of increased size and kindlier effulgence. For one star at the North, myriads look down with a calm, clear light, and great part of the vault is as inexplicable as the milky-way. Most beautiful in appearance, and interesting from association, is the Southern Cross, corresponding with the Great Bear of the North. This constellation is of four stars, of superior brilliance, arranged in the form of an oblique angled cross. Just above these, and seeming to form part of the same constellation, is the Centaur. Orion is in all his glory, and the Scorpion trails his length, most easily recognised of all. All the other zodiacal clusters are conspicuous, and a kindred host we do not care to name."

Before the close of the voyage, the vessel

became literally crowded with birds, turtles, and every species of pet, which stalked in all directions, putting all quiet and order at defiance; at length it was determined to reduce this state of things.

"We longed to know what sort of arrangements Noah made for his parrots. Thus far, ours had been left pretty much to their own discretion, and the necessity for an immediate 'setting up of family government,' was hourly more urgent. The macaw, no wise contented with his elevation, had climbed down, and was perpetually quarrelling with a pair of green parrots, and, all the time, so hoarsely screaming, that we were tempted to twist his neck. The parrots had to have a pitched battle over every ear of corn, and both they, and the macaw, had repeatedly flown into the water, where they but narrowly escaped a grave. There were two green paroquets and one odd one, prettiest of all, with a yellow top, and they could not agree any better than their elders. Yellow-top prided himself on his strength, and considered himself as good as a dozen green ones, while they resented his impudence, and scolded away, in ear-piercing tones that made the cabin an inferno. At other times, they all three banded together, and trotting about deck, insulted the parrots with their impertinences. When a flock of their relations passed over, the whole family set up a scream, which might have been heard by all the birds within a league; and if a duck flew by, which was very often, our geese would call in tones like a trumpet, and the guan would shrilly whistle. When we came to the shore, we were obliged to shut up our protégées in the tolds, or they were sure to scramble up the nearest limb, or fly into the water, and swim for the bank. Really, it would have troubled a Job; but we could see no relief."

"Our noisy additions from Santarem made longer endurance out of the question, and after long threatening, at last we succeeded in 'setting up the family government.' As the first overture thereto, a rope was crossed a few times in the tolds. Upon this, the arara and the parrots were placed, with the understanding that they might look out of the door as much as they pleased, and be invited thence, at regular hours, to their meals; but that further liberties were inadmissible and unattainable. So there they sat, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry. The paroquets were stationed at the afterpart of the cabin, and the change, which had come over one of the green ones, from Barra, was amusing. She had been the wildest and crossdest little body on board, always resenting favors, and biting kindly hands. But since the lately received young ones had been put with her, she had assumed all the watchfulness of a mother, feeding them, taking hold of their bills and shaking them up, to promote digestion, and generally keeping them in decent order. She had no more time to gad about deck, but soberly inclined, with the feathers of her head erect and matronly, she stuck to her corner, and minded her own business. Meanwhile, Yellow-top looked on with the calm dignity of a gentleman of family."

The reader will not fail to find both amusement and instruction from the book; and as he recognises the badness of government in this beautiful region, the latent wealth, the immense resources of the country, the needs of the people all combined, his Anglo-Saxon spirit will not fail to foresee the to be of the hereafter, when the Isthmus of Panama will be no hindrance to the graspingness of Republican Anglo-Saxonism.

The Monk's Revenge; or, the Secret Enemy. A Tale of the Later Crusades. By Samuel Spring, author of "Giasfer al Barmeki." Williams, Brothers, New York and Boston.

HERE now is a title that carries one back to

the grim delights of Maturin and Mrs. Radcliffe, and Monk Lewis, to the charming stage horrors of the Castle Spectre and the Bleeding Nun, blended with the circus glories of the Secret Mine and Timour the Tartar. We hail the appearance of a fresh romance with such a title from an American pen, as an auspicious augury that we are approaching a healthy turning point in the road of "progress." That there is at length "a good time coming" when people will recognise once more the existence of certain faculties in their minds as wisely designed by Providence to give out and to receive sheer amusement, as an intellectual cordial to restore the healthy action of other faculties; and when our wise-men will no more, by frowning upon the play of fancy in its legitimate sphere, send it to run riot in crusade system-mongering.

Alas! how does it make a lover of his kind grieve to think how many charming romances and poems and novels, that might have harmlessly cheered a weary spirit, or cheated a sick chamber of its lagging hours, are now effervescing from perverted brains in the forms of Mormonism and Fourierism, and world's conventionism, and other mischievous embodiments of the self-same identical spirit of restless fancy, driven to new inventions to find an utterance!

But "there is a good time coming." The generations of men will at last find out

"—how few of ills that we endure are those which *laws* can either cause or cure."

and the words of the apostle, "study to be quiet, and do your whole business," will yet find as much favor among our modern fishers for new opinions, as they did with honest old Izaak Walton. In this connexion, if there be any score on which we would object to the title of the work before us, it would be the author calling it a tale of "the later Crusades," inasmuch as the crusade against the Mormon, the crusade to Anglo-Saxonize Mexico, or the fiery crusades lately preached in the Tabernacle, to compel the people of one part of this Union to think exactly the same way as the people of another part, are certainly "later" than the last which were set on foot by papist barons, to make the Ottomans think as they did about the heritage of St. Peter. Others, however, not so willing to recognise old things under new names, and to detect the meddling, interfering, proselytizing, grasping spirit of the fanatical crusader in the modern Anglo-Saxonizer (whether he works with Paixhan shot or world's conventions), might hold our objection hypercritical. Yet there is little doubt but that the yesty spirit of the crusader which seems to have died out among all other people of Christendom, effervesces as strongly in the English and the Anglo-American races at the present moment, as it did in the most extravagant days of past ages. The same England which once subjected her own people to the grievous oppression of the tax-gatherer, in order to pour her resources in distant lands, for the sake of awakening the Saracen to the offences of his impious worship, now leaves Ireland to starve while crusading against the evils of American slavery; and we, half-offshoots of the same bigoted, mischief-making stock, we Americans, we people here of the State of New York, who long years ago denounced Georgia alike from the pulpit and the political rostrum, for driving out the half-civilized Cherokees, are sending the still more civilized Iroquois from our borders to perish in the swamps of Missouri, while denouncing England for driving the wild Irish to expatriate themselves. Reader, if you doubt that

your neighbor is still possessed by the spirit of the crusader, send to him for a ten dollar subscription for temperance tracts, to be distributed in the Feejee islands, and when he pays it, as he will, excellent man, ask him for fifty cents for the poor widow around the corner! or if you yet doubt that he is a crusader because he opposes that development of Anglo-Saxonism which took the shape of the Mexican war, ask him for a contribution to aid some English George Thompson, or some Irish Dan O'Connell, to throw the firebrand of murderous discord into our southern States, and you may still be sure of your man. The Anglo-Saxon demon of meddling with what is none of his business, of meddling, all for the good of his neighbor, man, this same subtle agent of devil-dom is just as active with the modern crusader as it was with his brother crusader of Peter the Hermit's time.

What indignation meetings we should have had in this city, what sympathetic contributions of money from every corner of the land, if the Mormon massacre had occurred in the Isle de Bourbon instead of Illinois! The atrocity of that dark affair, and the miseries of those who survived its horrors, appealed to every form of philanthropy except the crusading form, and the national heart was dumb. It had no "sympathy" with a benighted people, who, within our own borders, and under the clear light of an Anglo-Saxon sun, could follow a false prophet! Nay, so far from interfering to shield these poor people from wrong, those of us who took any share in the direful business, assumed arms much in the same spirit as did the crusaders of old, to drive out the so called infidel Mormons from their possessions.

In reading the volume before us, we have several times thought that the writer intended a sly hit at these injurious bigotries when painting the fanaticism of five hundred years ago. Certainly his work often suggests some wholesome parallels between the enforced march of Romanism in the East, and the enforced march of Anglo-Saxonism the world over: both of these political churches having the great dogma of moral infallibility in common; and the political Puritanism of the one being full as hostile to the individual liberties of mankind as was the political popery of the other to the independence of nations. The story of "THE MONK'S REVENGE" opens in the reign of Amurath II., at a period when nearly a century and a half had expired since the Greek Empire was first invaded by OTHMAN, the founder of the dynasty which still bears his name. Surrounded almost on every side by the territories of the Sultan, Constantinople seemed rapidly approaching its fall, and was only spared from Turkish sovereignty in name by the payment of a large tribute, and the concession of permitting a mosque and Turkish tribunal to be protected by the law within its walls.

The eastern frontier cities of the Greek Emperor and all his strongholds upon the Euxine, being at the same time in possession of Amurath, the only hope of the Greeks lay in succor from the west; and here the well-known jealousies and dissensions between the Greek and Latin Church, long prevented the faithful of one Hierarchy from appealing as suppliants to the powerful rulers of the other to aid them against the common enemy of Christendom. At length, however, the Greek Patriarch bowed to the supremacy of the Pope; and the Bishop of Rome, catching eagerly at the seeming but delusive union between the two churches, exerted all his influence to rouse up Europe to its last religious

crusade. Meanwhile, several reverses which the Ottoman arms had met with from the Poles and Hungarians induced Amurath to enter into a ten years' treaty of peace with those warlike people, and this truce had just been concluded, when the Pope's Legate arriving at Buda, brought the intelligence that the leading soldiers of France and Germany had enlisted under the holy banner to march upon the Ottoman power; and that Venice, Genoa, and Flanders, had already sent their fleets to the Hellespont. The Legate of course set aside the truce with the infidel, and gave due absolution for this breach of faith to all who would take up arms in the name of the holy See. War and church intrigue therefore make up the great business of a story, whose scene is laid at this era. Our author passes before us a brilliant cortège of mailed warriors, and furred cardinals, and grim monks, and turbaned Mussulmen, with scimitars bright as the eyes of houris, and Arab coursers agile as leopards. From this brilliant array he selects two characters, a young Hungarian soldier of fortune, who has attained the dignity of knighthood solely by virtue of his own deeds, and a Turkish adventurer of similar years, who, by similar virtue, has risen to the office of Bey of Roumelia. Both of these men were originally foundlings, and though each is strongly marked by all the characteristics of the faith and of the people to which he clings, yet we are gradually and insensibly led to the conclusion, fairly brought out at last in the denouement, that accident in the first instance, and education, subsequently, have alone determined the marked difference existing between them. When love becomes the writer's theme, the apparently dry unconsciousness with which he paints the Turk's devotion to two beauties at the same time, and his vain attempt to conform to Christian sentiment by oscillating between them, instead of giving a divided soul to either, is very happily conceived and naturally executed. A Typee novel, in which some Fayaway of Marquesas sentiment, whose mind is first opening to Christianity, balancing similarly between her old and her new law of conjugal affection, would make a good metaphysical pendant to this part of the work.

In the following scene the Bey of Roumelia, who, as the prisoner of the Hungarian knight, has been admitted to ransom by his captor, is thrown into the society of the lady-love of the latter. The Christians having broken their truce, the Hungarian, fearing for his life, has disguised the Turk in a suit of Norman armor, and sent him as a priest to the castle of the fair Bertha's father. Bertha, who believes that the mysterious stranger is a Christian knight who has hitherto roamed in foreign lands, plies him with questions about the fair dames of those countries.

"Ali smiled at the eager curiosity of his fair questioner, and was easily moved to gratify it. He commenced now to speak more fully than heretofore of the customs of his own land. He described to her scenes of eastern magnificence, related tales of wild adventure, tales of the harem, of jealous lord and faithless slave, of maiden borne on fleet steed in the arms of her lover. As he spoke his heart warmed, his passion lent fire to his words, and he drew fresh eloquence from the interest that was pictured in the beautiful features of his listener. When he touched upon the war with Amurath, and told the varied incidents of the past campaign, his eye seemed to flash fire, and his voice to sound like the echoing cymbal and clang of cimeter. A spirit so strange and new breathed in his every word, that Bertha became more and more per-

plexed. She could not understand who it might be that was pouring, with such power, images so warm and wild into her fancy. When he described the Pagan Sultan, and praised his magnanimity and courage, his justice and benevolence, his voice became more mild in its tone, and he spoke of him as a son would speak of his father.

"Thy words are those of a very Moslem," said Bertha, when he had ended. "With us how differently do we paint him."

"There are many even among the Christians who do justice to his worth, and in this truce does not the peace of Europe rest upon his word alone? Yet, true it is, that most among you put little faith in his promises. Ye paint him in colors borrowed from your own scorn and hatred, and then start back from the picture. Ye name him tyrant, cruel and unjust. Ye look for no good from one whose creed differs from your own. Should the Sultan, forgetting his oath upon the Koran, set at naught this truce, and come with fire and sword into Hungary, slaying and taking captives—"

"The curse of Heaven would light upon his treachery!" exclaimed Bertha, warmly; "but our good warriors would know how to set bounds to his fury. Dost thou believe this possible, Sir Knight?"

"Possible! The conditions of that truce are violated already."

"It was foolish and ill-advised in our good king and his nobles to put faith in the word of a Moslem. A better trust had been in their own swords."

"But how if the Christians should be the first to take up arms? How, if unprovoked, they themselves should light up the flames of war, neglecting their oath and honor?"

"Oh, this they cannot do, if they would keep their good name unstained; if they would hope for the blessing of God upon their arms."

"And still, I doubt not, your priests would find a way to silence such scruples. They are Infidels, they would cry, and ye need keep no faith with the enemies of heaven. With the same eyes, also, do ye view their warfare. If in the fervor of the battle, the Ottoman is relentless and unsparing, ye exclaim with curses against his cruelty. Ye can count every knight that is slain, and lament that a star is gone from the bright heaven of chivalry; but for them they are Turkish dogs. Yet fair eyes bewail them, though not Christian eyes. Thus it is with you, and the Moslem is not backward to return the scorn. As for Morad, I have been often near him, and know well what manner of man he is. Though fearful to his enemies, yet he is a father to his people, and just, and an observer of his word. Though his hand is accustomed to raise the sword, yet it delights him rather to cover the land with monuments of his benevolence and piety. Mosques, Khans and Imareths rear their—"

"Although Bertha had listened thus far with interest, yet at these words a smile stole upon her face, which at last ended in loud and merry laughter. 'This I had expected,' she exclaimed. 'Here hast thou, Sir Unknown, a Christian knight, been ascribing to Amurath every virtue under the sun, and I have been foolish enough to receive all for truth. But with one word hast thou marred all—the piety of Amurath, sayst thou?'

"Nay, mistake me not," cried Ali Pacha. 'I do not pass judgment upon his faith. I know well that it is no part of a warrior to discuss creeds; but gaily to die for his own, be it what it may. Yet be the creed of Morad good or evil, who will say that it is not meritorious to follow its precepts, to revere its truths, and to practise those lessons which lie at the foundation of all religions, whether Christian, Jewish, or Moslem. Of all people whom I have seen, there are none more devout than the followers of the prophet.' As he uttered this name, the Bey bowed his head, and muttered some words which were lost within his helmet.

"Well, go on," exclaimed the maiden.

"Hast thou not yet more to say in praise of the Ottoman? Are not their warriors braver, and their maidens fairer than any thou hast elsewhere seen?"

"Brave men dwell everywhere upon the earth," replied Ali. "There are none more fearless in the army of Morad than some within yonder camp."

"I believe it truly," said Bertha, her face glowing. "Amurath's best soldier is a prisoner in our camp, and he was fairly taken by one braver than he."

"I have so heard," answered the Bey. "Yet think not but there are better warriors than Ali Pacha in the service of the Sultan, and it may be," he added, after a short pause, "it may be, that he will yet redeem his honor."

"Never upon the head of him to whom he lost it."

"Who can say if it be thus written?"

"But tell me of their maidens, for of these thou hast not yet spoken," exclaimed Bertha, breaking the silence which followed the last words of the Moslem.

"Fair faces smile in Ederneh," answered Ali, "and many beyond the Euxine; but the loveliest maiden mine eyes have ever looked upon dwells in this land."

"Still better!" cried Bertha, gaily. "The fairest maidens, the bravest warriors! I shall not yet change my creed, though I think at times, Sir Knight, that in thee, I have an eloquent dervish at my side, laboring to convert me to Islamism. And how is it that thou hast come to a sight of these beauties, for they are little better than prisoners as I have heard? Ah, they were but of the meaner sort, those whom thou hast seen?"

"Nay, I have been favored beyond this. I have seen faces that were fairer than the fondest picture of the imagination, and forms more perfect than the marble of the Greek."

"And still thou hast beheld Christian maidens that were more beautiful?"

"Must I not think so?" said the Bey, hesitating, while his eyes gleamed upon her through the bars of his vizor, "must I not think so, fairest lady, when I stand in thy presence and gaze upon thee? The eyes which I have seen in those lands have no lustre when compared with thine, the hue upon thy cheeks is faint, while thine would shame the rose."

"I pray thee, Sir Knight, a truce to gallantry," said Bertha, blushing, her confusion showing that she was not insensible to his praise. "I will yield to yonder maidens the palm of beauty over ours and still not envy them. I have heard that they are kept caged like birds, and that neither the eye of man, nor scarcely the sun of heaven, must look upon them, while ours shun neither the one nor the other."

"Does not the rose bloom more sweetly in the garden, surrounded by its kindred flowers, then when plucked from its stem, and in the splendid vase held forth to the view of men?"

"But maidens are not roses, neither is beauty everything, that we should be content with this alone. Give me a life more in the world, to look on when lances are broken in the tourney, to crown the victor, to follow down the dance upon the hand of a gay knight who knows how to whisper his devotion with discreet humility."

"But to wander through gardens of flowers, to rest amid gathered roses, to look on while skilful slaves touch the lute, and dance, to dip in the marble bath, where fountains cool the air around, and within the leaf-twined lattice where the light of day comes tinged with the glow of flowers, amid the singing of birds and the perfume of sweet scented shrubs, to step with hair unloosed upon the rich carpet, to sing and revel with lovely creatures, thy slaves, and to rule over all this like a queen!" Here was a crowd of new images brought to the mind of the maiden, and grouped with a warmth and coloring to which she was little accustomed. Her reply seemed to testify some displeasure, yet there was much in her manner at variance with her words,

much that caused the heart of Ali Pacha to beat more quickly as he watched her.

"Thy words, Sir Unknown, sound strangely," she said, blushing. "Thus, methinks, would speak the infidel; but not thus the gentle knight when he would please the ears of a well born maiden. Thy sojourn in Pagan lands hath marred thy courtesy. But the picture thou hast drawn of the beauties of the East, and of their luxurious life, does in no wise move me to envy them. I would breathe a freer air than that which blows through yonder gardens, though fragrant with odors of the East. To pass the hours in idleness and revel may suit the maidens thou hast described, but a nobler spirit dwells in those of our land, a spirit that calls their thoughts into the world, away from bower and hall, to wait upon the strife and council, to urge our knights into the battle, and cry shame upon the recreant."

"The voice of woman can do much, much to steel and strengthen the bosom of a warrior; but in what tones can it speak to it like those of love? Uttered in the still close bower, they follow him across the desert, and sound in his ear amid the strife like the notes of a trumpet. It needs no more than this to move him to brave deeds. He has temples to defend, a country, and also a home where love is storing for him its best treasures. The maidens of the east think not that they need look beyond this; they mingle not in the turmoil of life; they are the wives, the mothers of warriors, and what should they wish for more? We have spoken of imprisoned birds, and roses that bloom unseen; but look, is not that a fitter emblem of thy sex?"

Bertha followed with her eye the finger of the Moslem as he pointed upward toward the heavens, and after gazing for a moment in uncertainty, beheld the pale disk of the moon, which in the clear day could scarcely be distinguished from a small and fleecy cloud. "How often," he continued, "is that sweet planet compared to woman. Her mild beauty, her soft and peaceful light, aye, her very inconstancy, are all, it is said, like you; but to my thought she never gives a truer picture of thy sex than now. View how pale are her beams when she follows too closely upon the sun; how is her splendor dimmed when she obtrudes herself upon the day! In the quiet of the night, when every sound is at rest, then does she draw her dark and golden mantle about her, and pass, like a queen, through the heavens. Then we wish for her, then we worship her with our best praise; but now, who heeds her light? Thus is it with woman. She was made to beam upon our hours of solitude, of close retirement; then has she her bright hours, then the heart does homage to her, then does she hold the sceptre, or rather, an enchanter's wand, which turns the rough ways of life into a scene of fairy land. And what lot can be better suited to her? It is not hers to wrestle for the needs of life, or to affront its dangers. Man does this, procures her safety, and then in her bower brings his finest gains to her feet. And couldst thou not," continued the Moslem, taking her hand as he spoke, "couldst thou not find happiness in such a lot? With one whose heart would be controlled by thy will, who would live but in thy smiles, couldst thou not be content to resign this freer life which thou dost prize, for one more peaceful—for one resembling somewhat that which I have described to thee?"

While the Turk is thus enjoying himself in the lady's bower, the knight to whom he owes his present safety has fallen into sore tribulation. The Cardinal Legate has claimed the Ottoman prisoner, and the Christian knight is held responsible for the escape of the fugitive. The following scene is finely spirited.

"Huniades had not judged amiss. Ere an hour had passed, the young knight was summoned to appear before the king. He followed the messenger in silence to the royal pavilion, entered, and found himself in the presence of his

sovereign. Near him sat the cardinal, and around stood various lords, among whom he observed the Earl of Cillia, the young Italian, and others whom he deemed, for the most part, unfriendly to him. Huniades was there with the rest, but he did not greet him. He stood apart, and gave no sign by which it might be known that he was aware of his presence. "Thou art sent for, Sir Knight, to answer to a grave charge," said the king, turning to him when he entered, "one which concerns nearly thy knightly honor and thy loyalty."

"I am bound, my most gracious sovereign, to answer touching matters of such import, to all which your majesty may demand of his faithful subject."

"The brows of the cardinal were knit closely together, for the words 'your majesty' were uttered with marked emphasis. His reply, however, was prevented by the king. "We had been better pleased," said Ladislaus, with some severity of manner, "to witness proofs of thy loyalty in deeds, rather than in words. Some days since, as is well known, thou hadst in thy keeping, prisoners, one of whom was of no slight value. They have escaped. We would know from thee in how far thou hast permitted or aided their flight."

"Nay, may it please your majesty, I had no prisoners. Guests had I that were free to come and go at will, as it best suited their own pleasure."

"Give them what name thou wilt," exclaimed the king quickly, "their flight is laid to thy charge, and we look that thou shouldst answer it."

"I pray your majesty, hold me not to answer for those over whom I had no control. It must needs be remembered that those Moslems, sometime my prisoners, were declared free by treaty, were held to ransom, and that I had no right, no pretext, to place the slightest bar upon their liberty."

"Listen to him!" cried the legate scornfully. "He sits in judgment upon the council. Yet this is but a subterfuge. If by a council of Christian Chiefs those prisoners were declared free, by a council also, guided and enlightened by the holy Church, they were restored to their captivity. This passes for nothing."

"The blood rushed to the brow of the Walachian, but he did not reply. Turning to the king with a manner which his well governed anger had not divested of self-possession, but rather rendered earnest and lofty, he said: "I crave this grace at the hands of my sovereign; if I am accused of aught disloyal or unworthy, let the proofs be offered, that I may meet them, that I may speak in my defence. If I am charged therewith upon the bare suspicion of an enemy, from private malice or open hatred, I appeal my cause to God, who will judge the right. I will meet my accuser in the lists. Let him be placed before me."

"Thou dost see him here," said the cardinal, fastening his dark eyes upon him; "and it does well become thee, stranger in this land, to assume that tone among those for whom thou art no peer. Thou hast mingled thyself in matters above thy station, hast set at naught the will of those to whom thou dost owe submission. And now, forsooth, because there may be no witness of thy guilt, thou dost wear a bold front, and dost appeal to God in behalf of thy innocence!"

"I stand here, lord cardinal," answered the knight, trembling with anger, "I stand here in a most noble presence, and the reply which thine injurious words had else drawn from me, is checked ere it finds utterance. There are some here of high rank, who best know how far I have merited this scorn, or if aught of guilt has hitherto been coupled with my name. If I deserve reproof that I am no Hungarian, it little becomes thee, at least, to utter it. There is as little grace, also, as risk, when one shielded by those robes speaks such things against me, which, should a knight and an equal dare so much as to breathe, he should receive such chastisement as this right arm could render."

"This to me!" cried the cardinal, in anger which he was unable to control. "Now, by

mine holy office, this passes endurance, traitorous, injurious slave!"

"That tongue speaks falsely that terms me thus," exclaimed the Walachian, giving way at last to the indignation which boiled within him. "I am no traitor, speak no injuries—and, least of all, am I a slave. I revere thine office, and may not raise hand against one who wears thy garb; but if there be belted knight in this presence, who will assert what thou hast dared to say, or in the matter of these prisoners will charge me with aught treasonable or unworthy, by mine honor, he lies, and I bid him defiance. With this body in the lists will I prove it, knight-like will I prove it, on horseback or on foot, with sword and lance, or with steel battle-axe."

"The young knight looked around the circle with a clear, bold glance, as he uttered these words, and before they were well ended, he had ungloved his right hand and cast his gauntlet at the feet of the legate. Scarce an instant passed ere three knights of those who were present, stepped forward to raise the gage of combat. Ulric of Cillia was foremost. He lifted the glove from the ground, cast down his own in answer to it, and swore by the fiend, that he held the Walachian to be little better than a traitor, and that he would prove what he said to be true in the lists. The two others were Di Rimini and a Polish baron, named Larenski. They also cast down their gauntlets, and in different words declared the accused guilty of treason."

"The gage of combat is complete," cried the king. "What would ye more, worthy knights?"

"Nay, let them all come! I would meet a host in such a cause," cried the Walachian, and taking the glove from his left hand, he cast it upon the ground before the Italian. He then turned to Huniades, who was now at his side, and said, "Thy glove, my most noble lord, but for a moment, to answer yon beetle-browed baron."

"Nay, by St. Stephen," exclaimed the good knight, "my glove shall be thrust into no man's quarrel, unless my hand go with it." Then stepping forward he raised the gauntlet of Larenski, and said, throwing his own at his feet, "I, John of Transylvania, uphold the accused to be a knight true and loyal, and free from all stain of treason, and will prove it with this poor body in the lists." This interference, so sudden and unexpected, filled all present with surprise. There was silence for a moment, and the different emotions which animated those around, were pictured in the varied expressions of their features. Upon those of Ladislaus sat simple wonder, but the brow of the cardinal lowered with anger and vexation, while the mien of the young knight became loftier, and his cheek glowed as if with pride, at finding by his side an ally so noble and stainless. The voice of Juliani broke the silence. "I take blame to myself that I have suffered this matter to proceed thus far," he said, turning to the king; "the peace of the holy Church forbids that this quarrel be fought out; forbids that knights who are banded together in her defence, should turn their swords against each other."

"How is it, my lord cardinal, that thy memory was thus slow in the matter?" inquired Huniades, fixing his eyes upon the prelate. "While the accused stood alone, the combat was right and lawful enough, forsooth. We heard no word then of this peace of the holy Church."

"It cannot be denied, good Huniades, that I deserve this reproof at thy hands," rejoined the cardinal. "For a while it had escaped me until the chief and leader of this host stooped from his place to thrust his sword into a private quarrel."

"By St. Mary, but thou dost owe me thanks then, worthy father," replied the Waivode, scornfully; "thou mightest otherwise even altogether have forgotten this peace of the Church, which thou dost deem of such weight."

"The eyes of the legate flashed fire, and he compressed his lip tightly between his teeth to check the angry reply that was struggling for utterance. He then cast his looks for a moment upon the ground, as if in thought, and thereupon

turned to the king, and said in a calm tone, 'I pray your majesty, command yonder knights each to restore his gage of combat.'

"And how then to proceed further against the accused?" asked Ladislaus. "Or shall we e'en let him go unpunished, bating only something of the favor which we owe him for past services?"

"Not so, by my faith," replied the cardinal; "it were a shame to our authority. Has heaven no other way by which it may vouchsafe to show us the truth? Thou dost stand before us, Sir Knight, charged with treason and disobedience. Thou hast declared thine innocence, and appealed thy cause to heaven. Thou dost wear a bold, unwavering front, but the dark suspicions which rest upon thee, thou canst gainsay by words alone; nor this, indeed, distinctly and without evasion. Thou hast not yet denied that thou didst bear a part in the escape of yonder prisoners, but dost declare simply that thou art guiltless of aught ignoble or disloyal. Well, hast thou such confidence in the goodness of thy cause that thou wilt submit thyself to the judgment of heaven as prepared for thee by the wisdom of thy superiors?"

"I am innocent, before God, of all disloyalty," replied the Walachian, struggling to be calm, and will submit to whatever trial his majesty may in his goodness judge fitting—so it bring no dishonor to me as a knight and a soldier."

"Let the ordeal of fire be substituted for this of arms," said the legate, turning to the king.

"Thou hast heard, Sir Knight," said Ladislaus. "There is a way yet left thee to redeem thy fame, and to regain our favor as of old. Art thou so sure of thy innocence that thou wilt submit thyself to this dread trial?"

"As I have said, no shadow of treason rests upon my soul, and upon that issue, I resign myself to the will of my sovereign."

"Say nay! refuse it, boy!" cried Huniades, in an under tone, yet so loud that it was heard by all around. "Battle it gaily with cold steel, but keep thy hand from molten lead or red hot iron."

"Nay, let them order it as they will," said the knight, with an uncertain anxious manner. "I must keep mine honor unsullied, and the king's favor and countenance are of much moment to me."

"Be it so, then," resumed the king. "Let each knight renege his gage of combat, and let the words of defiance which have passed be forgotten—be as if unspoken. And do thou," he added, turning to the accused, "prepare thyself and be in readiness for this ordeal, the time and manner of which shall soon be declared unto thee."

"As it is needful that the accused be put in duress," said the cardinal, "in whose keeping can he be better placed than in that of the noble Earl of Cillia?"

The good knight does undergo the ordeal of fire, but as the mode in which he meets the trial is essentially and ingeniously interwoven with the story, we have too much deference for our author's mystery to reveal it here; we turn again to our friend Ali, whom all Christian ladies will forgive when he brings back his heart to his Leilah and makes to her father the following moving excuse for his fickleness:

"There was one subject, however, on which he at first spoke with some reserve, and with a hesitation which went like an arrow to the soul of Abdallah. He did not deny the interest he had felt in the fair Bertha: he acknowledged that he had not escaped the power of her beauty, and that these feelings had not been without their influence in detaining him among the Christians. 'I have erred,' he then exclaimed, 'but who can always control his heart? I have here thine own words, my good Abdallah, to plead in my excuse. I will be silent of her beauty, for I know not but I have seen a Moslem maiden as fair—but there was I, thrown into a new world to which this of ours can offer no similitude; there do men live but in action; there is knightly honor the breath

of their nostrils, and the voice of woman cheers them on to deeds of daring; the brightest eyes smile upon the bravest, and the fairest hands place garlands upon his brow. If in their warlike games I vied with their best knights—if I reined my steed as scarce a Giaour of them possesses the art to do, I also at times received the meed of my deserts. And oh, father, you know not what it is, this magic with which they surround their maidens—you know not what it is to kneel at the feet of beauty, while eyes beam down upon you like those of a divinity, challenging all devotion, while yet a distance separates you, which years of humblest adoration alone can pass. They have an art, these Christians, which exalts their women to beings of a higher nature, and a discipline that schools their senses into servitude, that chastens and tempers the heart, till, like the clear cold diamond, it will lie unchanged in the furnace."

This is all very well, but that Turkish ladies are not so dissimilar from ours, the gentle Leilah's conduct in the following scene may show:

"I shall go hence with a lighter heart than I came; thanks to thy goodness, Leilah, and the wisdom of thy father; for I know now that I shall bring aid to him in his hour of trial, who afforded it to me when I had none to look to but Allah."

"Go, my lord," was the reply, "go and fulfil this errand which lies so near thy heart—yet forget not those whom thou dost leave behind; forget not thyself, Ali; but return to be once more the defence and glory of our faith."

"Doubt it not, Leilah. I will see this knight, place this casket in his hands, and then turn back for ever upon Christian lands—for ever; unless I visit them, cimeter in hand, and at the bidding of my master."

"Comes this from thy heart, my lord, or dost thou speak thus to relieve our fears, to quiet those bosoms whose hopes are wrapped up in thy welfare?"

"From my heart, Leilah. Whence hast thou these doubts?"

"Have we not cause, Ali Pacha? But I will not bring back the past. Grant me only this prayer—though the ties be strong which draw thee from us, forget not thy country nor the religion which thou hast professed. If thy heart is bound to a maiden of another faith—if thou canst have no happiness out with her—bring her hither with thee. There is no one who can reproach thee for this step. The great Morad has himself given this example to his subjects. Return with her and be happy. But remember thou art a Moslem, and thy home is beneath the shadow of the house of Otaman."

"Dost thou think that I need this warning?" said Ali, his face clouding with grief. "Dost thou also, Leilah, do me this wrong? Whence comest thou by this suspicion?"

"Oh, have not I also heard? But let the future repair the errors of the past. Go, prosper in thy undertaking, rescue this knight, and return hither with the maiden of thy heart—return to thy home and happiness."

"I shall return alone," replied the young Moslem, sadly, "but not to happiness if thy bosom is estranged from me."

"As of old, Ali, I will love thee," replied the maiden, "as of old when we wandered children together, when each hour brought its pleasure, when hope and regret seemed to have no being for us. And if we meet not as in times past, for this must have an end, yet I will pray for thy happiness, and ever remember thee as one near of kin." An infinite charm was breathed over her features, the tones of her voice, and each motion of her form, as she uttered these words. They sounded like sad music when it departs further and further from us, and leaves us at last with its tones ringing in our ears. Then sit we down and weep, for we hear in those lingering notes the echoes of our past steps, and we tread in fancy the old path again."

"There was a time, Leilah," answered Ali,

'when I hoped for more than this, though my lips have been silent to thee. But I will speak now, now ere we part.'

"I cannot listen to thee," she exclaimed, rising from her seat, and scarce trusting herself to look upon him.

"Why art thou thus fearful—thus cold towards me? I looked not for this! To-day when I held thee in these arms—"

"Be noble, oh, my lord!" she interrupted him with a beseeching glance. "Misjudge not the fancies of a bewildered brain, or at least wound not my ears with the utterance of thy thoughts."

"But leave me not thus coldly," he exclaimed, throwing himself at her feet. "I will cast away my hopes, but go not thus. Let me thank thee, let me bless thee ere I depart, and do thou bid me farewell as in times past." But she was not to be detained. When Ali had raised his head from the supplicating posture into which he had thrown himself, she was already at the door of the chamber. Leaning on her attendant, she cast a last glance at the prostrate Ali; she did not speak, yet in that look she uttered what he had asked, a friendly and sad farewell. The next moment she was gone."

This love of a Turk is, however, a Turk in his love. Follow him only in fancy now:

"Farewell!" he said, when he could find words. "Leilah, farewell! Beautiful art thou as an houri of paradise! Allah give thee sweet dreams, and lighten thy cares!"

"As on the banks of the Danube, in the night, he bade adieu to Bertha, so was he now here with the same emotions, standing beneath the stars, and uttering farewell to another. He knew not what had so changed him; whether it were that kiss of yesterday, which was still glowing upon his cheek, or that warm embrace with which she had enfolded him; or was it not the new relation in which she stood towards him? was it not her coldness, her lately gained indifference, by which, as it were, she had placed herself above him? Was it not these which had given her this unwonted power over his heart? He could not answer. His life had been spent in action, and he had not yet learned to reflect upon himself. But as he journeyed onward, and the distance diminished between himself and the Christian camp, he found his thoughts more occupied with Bertha. Her image came oftener to his remembrance, he oftener mused upon her beauty, and the band seemed hourly less strong which bound him to his home. Thus strangely inconstant was his temper. And still those might err who should charge him with fickleness beyond the ordinary lot of man. His heart was like the needle of the mariner, when moved by the influence of two equal magnets. By each it is in turn attracted, as either is more near or more remote, and still is the needle true in its inconstancy; still is it the same hidden power which sways it; still is nature steadfast in her own unalterable laws. Who will say, then, that the heart of Ali was not constant? He passed, for so fate had ordered it, to and fro between Budah and Ederneh, but his heart was firm and true—true to the first laws which Allah had imposed upon it; true to the mysterious power of loveliness and beauty."

We must now pass the reader to the work itself, if he would know more about it. We have given more than usual space to it here, having long since formed high expectations of the literary career of the writer from his very clever historical romance of *Giaffar al Barmeki*, a work to whose warmth and breadth of coloring some well-founded exception was taken, albeit its plot was drawn from an actual point of history, while nearly identical in some of its most questioned details, with that of the much praised religious novel of *Dunellen*.

Miscellany.

THE SCENERY OF THE STAGE.—The following paragraphs from the London Art-Union for May, give some suggestions worthy of being considered in this meridian. As the study of Natural History is at least keeping pace with that of Antiquities, the costume of Nature ought to be attended to as much as the costume of men in mimic representation; and if one could take a lesson in botany and geology, while listening to the language of Shakspeare, and scanning the curious wardrobes and personal appointments of our forefathers, the whale of Progress would have an additional tub thrown to it in front of the foot lights:—

"While all efforts are moving Art towards its legitimate destination, it would be even unwise to allow any useful channel to remain stationary, or undirected to the same beneficial end. There is certainly one of vast capability which has hitherto been sluggish in its pace of progression—the Drama, whether lyrical, poetical, or choregraphical.

"If a comparison were made between the number of persons who visit during the day the free Institutions, exhibitions of works of Art, or objects dependent on artistic conception, and those who are nightly assembled to witness dramatic performances in the many theatres of the Metropolis, the majority of the latter would be overwhelming in numerical amount. The audiences are congregated for the sole purposes of the pleasurable gratification of the eye and ear, are open to all its impressions, and awakened to ecstatic delight at any excellence displayed. Surely, when such masses of individuals are gathered together under a condition so favorable to the imparting of instruction as this vehicle of rational amusement, the Scenery of the Stage must enjoy wondrous facilities and opportunities of expounding the theories of the Imitative Arts. Every scene presented to the gaze of a theatrical audience is a lesson in architecture, composition, aerial and linear perspective, as well as in many others of the positive principles upon which Fine Art is founded. The violation of either of these principles in stage decoration is as gross a desecration of the Drama as the neglect of grammatical construction would be in the dialogue, or of false intonation in vocal enunciation. Nor is truth of costume less influential in completing the illusion upon which dramatic performance relies, or of bearing its full share of advantageous instruction to an inquiring mind.

"The scale of improvement, either in invention of subject, or execution in color, of Stage Scenery, has not been regularly progressive, nor has it sustained the advances it occasionally made in this country. This instability may have arisen from the same impulses which have hastened the degenerate condition of the English Drama; and, certainly, the ordinary painters of its scenic decorations have not proved very zealous or efficient auxiliaries to the falling cause. Not so with Italian Opera, for that has proceeded with an increasing patronage and pecuniary support which have not been met by augmented excellence in the scenic displays awarded to the admirable compositions of Rossini and Donizetti.

"Up to the year 1814, the theatre in the Haymarket, distinguished as the King's Theatre, rarely boasted of a new scene; for a succession of seasons it never ventured beyond a redeaubed or vamped up old canvas, perpetrated by a person named Orme.

"At the time of returning peace, after a war which had excluded us from the Continent for upwards of a quarter of a century, a sudden desire for regeneration arose; and the first result was the invitation to England of M. Ciceri, then, as he still continues to be, one of the most able illustrators of the Drama in the Parisian capital.

"In our National Theatres it has occasionally

fared better under the hands of Stanfield and Roberts; but these periods were of fleeting duration, and came to us only occasionally, like the aberrations of comets, to excite passing wonder and delight. The recollection of Stanfield's decorations to 'Acis and Galatea' will never be forgotten while any of the spectators live who enjoyed the fortunate chance of being present at a brilliant reunion of the Lyric, Dramatic, and Artistic Arts. All honor to Macready, who brought them together!

"In Italy, the scenery of an opera or ballet is of equal importance to the composition. It is always new to the new pieces: if the opera or ballet fail, the scenery is totally obliterated. By these means a succession of original subjects analogous to the piece are constantly presented, and contribute to the general efficiency by boldness of design, and a close approach to the enchanting luxuries of the *beau idéal*. In execution they differ materially from the careful finish of the Parisian stage, being as strongly imbued with poetic invention as their ancient school of painting, and executed with the same grandeur and massive idea. At the theatre of La Scala alone upwards of one hundred and twenty new scenes are painted annually; and, of such interest are these decorations in that classic land of Art, that, as regularly as a new operatic performance succeeds on the stage, so does a series of engravings appear, contemporaneously with the publication of the music, delineating the scenery which has contributed to the triumph and embellishment of the musical composition. These prints, which are scarcely known in England, comprise designs of the highest magnificence, without the slightest violation of the grammar of practical Art. Thus the twin sisters of Music and Painting are linked together, and the names of Perego, Sanquirico, and Tranquillo, who have carried the scenery of the Lyric Drama to the extreme limits of artistic quality, are as much honored and caressed in their native climes, as any of the illustrious composers of the chosen land of song.

"The scenery of the French stage is of a completely opposite character to that of Italy, being most elaborately worked and studied in the minutest details. Authentic authorities are investigated to ensure the truth of the most unimportant adjunct; and in completion, the scenes of the French stage are so many orthodox works, seldom soaring into the ideal, but forming perfect pictures of the subjects displayed. The visitors to the French Metropolis will find plenty of artistic instruction in admiring the scenes painted by Ciceri, Cambon, and Zarra: those of the newly-erected Théâtre de Montpensier are by the latter. On the past incongruities and anachronisms of our own stage it were superfluous to dilate; the past may be forgotten, hoping the future is pregnant with better things for a higher object. That it is capable of becoming the facile medium of instruction to a race thirsting for knowledge cannot be doubted; or of imparting sound information on the theories and capabilities of Art: thus supplying the stepping-stone to a just, true, and wholesome understanding of its value."

If the American stages would but borrow these hints and act upon them with rigid fidelity, it might prove as useful as the Penny Magazine in popularizing shapes, forms, and semblances connected with science and the arts. Well do we remember

"In our hot youth when George the Third was King,"

seeing cannon in a Roman Encampment, at the Park, and tropical vegetation flourishing amid a nipping and an eager air in the land of Hamlet the Dane. But those were days when the woodcuts to children's Bible stories sent Esau to hunt with a rifle on his shoulder, and threw in a North River sloop to relieve the back ground of the picture. Since then we have had King John put upon the stage,

to the iron life in all save the ringing of the mail. And, although Mr. Kean's superb steel clad barons did move about with foot-falls as noiseless as those of so many moccasin-ed Indians, yet the historical spectacle was worthy of far more generous patronage than it received from the public. We fear, indeed, that the costly experiment so liberally made with King John was hardly such, in its results, as to warrant much enterprise among our countrymen, in the mode indicated by the Art Union.

THE YEARS OF LOVE.

For Love there's no oblivion. I have cherished
An idol beautiful: but in this hour
Hopes that have bloomed for years have wholly
perished

And left me but the fragrance of the flower:
But, be the hopes of love like blossoms blighted,
Wherever in the temple of the heart
Hath been an altar with its splendor lighted
The glory will not utterly depart.
And when we enter Life's forgetful haven,
Shorn of all beauty but the rind of years,
The pictures on the memory engraven
Of early love win the last smiles and tears.
The inspiration of the first endeavor
After the love of woman dwells for ever.

A. M. I.

THE COSTUME OF PORTRAITS.

THIS critical subject of artistical discussion is ingeniously handled by a writer in the London Quarterly, who insists that *difference of costume is to the portrait painter what difference of scenery (vegetation?) is to the landscape painter*. It is not all, but it is a great portion of that which makes a Gainsborough not a Holbein, and a Cuyp not a Claude. It is as much, and more perhaps, the rigid stuffs which made Vandyke graceful, or *vice versa*. The portrait painter, too, is after all the only real authority for the true spirit of a costume. Missals, and monuments, and the Bayeux tapestry, and the Harleian manuscripts will furnish curious details for the antiquary, and such a satirist as Hogarth absurd extremes for the critic; but it is the general portrait artist that can alone steer between the hobby of an individual, or the fashion of a season, and give us that prevailing effect under which the costume of a period should be viewed. The writer of the article in question, after laying down his views to this effect, proceeds to illustrate them by the following retrospective glances at the works of the most celebrated masters in portrait painting. The combined minuteness and fancifulness of his examinations into their draperies are worthy of the most poetic-minded old clo' man:—

"Holbein is our earliest authority for the real every-day aspect of English society. In his time that principle of deference for age was in vogue which we have been endeavoring to recommend. People started with the supposition that fifty years and upwards was the only sensible time of a woman's life; and those who had the misfortune to be younger had to make the best of it, being probably assisted by some suspicion that the greater the disparity between themselves and their costume the better they looked. The dress of the majority of Holbein's portraits is of all others best adapted to secure an honorable retreat for waning charms. Beneath the stern buckler of the deep stomacher it mattered not what kind of shape lay concealed, for all were reduced to the same level. Beneath the stiff diamond-shaped cap—closed carefully between the edge and the temples with gold tissue—it was all one whether the hair was thick or thin, black, red, or white, for none at all was seen. The high make of the dress on back and shoulders covered what might be very beautiful in the bride, but prevented a deal of rheumatism in the matron. The modest and becoming partlet

—a kind of habit shirt made of good stout *opake* materials—filled up all the space the gown left bare, and buttoned high up the throat with embroidered collar or frill. The handkerchief, fastened upon the back of the cap in odd clumsy folds, which puzzle costume hunters to account for, could be let down, as it had been generally worn in the previous reign, snug and warm round the shoulders, and kept out many a draught. The sleeves were full and close down to the wrist, with a ruffle half covering the hand, while all telltale outline was effectually stopped, as in Holbein's drawing of the buxom old Lady Butts, by a short mantle edged with fur. The cap more especially favoured those whom, nowadays, we consider the worst treated. The decided colors of its materials, the jewels along the border, and the gold tissue often interwoven with scarlet threads, enlivened the duskiest complexion, while the stiff angular forms relieved the hardest features. The mask of the face stood out sharply defined, but well supported. The profile told nobly. The side of the cap descending along the cheek assisted to give the perfect oval in the young, and to conceal that junction between the throat and jaw-bone on which time was most legible. Altogether it was a head-dress too old in itself for any one to look very old in it. In this costume we see much to account for that peculiar truthfulness in Holbein, which, to our view, so amply compensates for the absence of the laxer graces of a later period. With forms so settled and rigid no latitude was left to a painter. All ages looked stiff and decorous alike, or, if they did not, it was no fault of the dress.

"But lest this should be thought too hard upon the young, it is evident that some choice was left to them, especially in the way of head-dress. This is seen in the drawings of Catherine Howard, of the Lady Audley, and of the exquisite Lady Richmond, with her downcast eyes, where a small circlet with drapery pendent from it fits on about half-way of the head, advancing over the ears, and fastening under the chin; the hair being divided down the centre, and laid in simple bands low on the cheeks. This is a head-dress which the youngest beauty would find it no hardship to adopt, while to show how much the costume makes the painter, Holbein's pencil is as graceful here as if it had been guided by Eastlake. The partlet, too, was made to come off on dress occasions, as we see in Anne Boleyn's and Jane Seymour's pictures—the square form of the stomacher showing the bust to advantage; and even when on, a button or two left unfastened answered the same purpose.

"Queen Catherine Parr, by Holbein, is a good model also for those ladies who, though not precisely in the yellow leaf, are somewhat on the turn, Catherine herself not being above 30 years of age at the time. Her dress is black, in ample folds about the person; the throat seen, though the bust is covered; a slender border of hair visible beneath the close-sitting matronly hood;—while the drapery pendent from it, and the large bustling sleeves, get rid of all that precision of outline which no one has any occasion to show or see.

"From Holbein to Vandyke we may reckon a century; for the one died in 1554, and the other in 1641; and no century in English history shows such a complete revolution in female costume. In Queen Elizabeth, about half way between them, with her enormous ruffs, hideous wigs, allegorical garments, and equally overlaid and exposed person, we see the representative of all that was extravagant, tasteless, and indelicate; and in the Queen of Scots, with her sweet hood, small lawn ruff, high sombre dress, and transparent veil over it, the model of all that was simple, graceful, and decorous:—Each the head of a fashion of which our galleries afford us plenty of specimens; the elder and the plainer portion of the community, perhaps, oftener imitating the follies of her spinster Majesty than the proprieties of the widowed Mary, and *vice versa*; a circumstance, we understand, especially observable at some late fancy-balls.

"Still there remains no general picture on the mind; for the diversities of form were endless. Vandyke, like Holbein, seemed to lock the wheels of fashion for a time, and has bequeathed a distinct type. The great-grandchildren of those who had sat for Holbein now sat to him, but as differently appparelled as can well be imagined. Hair playing, drapery flowing, dropping laces, delicate linens, glossy silks—the stiff, wide, standing petticoat supplanted by a slender lengthened train—the head, the throat, the bust, the arm all bare—the contour of the figure all given, except where some rich drapery, secure in its own strength and glittering in its own light, wandered apparently at random across the figure, and was either caught up by a massive aigrette, or fell in ponderous folds below—a costume of apparent ease, but of infinite care—graceful, natural, withal a little indecorous—one which Vandyke alone seems to have been entitled to paint, and the young and the lovely to wear. Instead of the mean average of a lady's age being now rated at fifty and upwards, it fell to fifteen and under; for some of Vandyke's female portraits have even almost an infantile appearance, and with their playful hair curling all over the head, their short waists, tight pearl necklaces, thin transparent skins, and wandering, artless eyes, and their full fair busts with only a rose by way of tucker, they remind us of some round-chested child who has outgrown her frock, or of those waxen dolls, with expansive pink necks, which lie about without shame and without chemisettes in the open shops.

"But, as we have explained before, a costume which is the special friend of youth and beauty, is a terrible tyrant to old age and homeliness. Any covering of Nature is better than any imitation of her, and imitations there will be when Nature herself is the Fashion. All whom she refused to help now did as they do still and ever will do—they helped themselves. Those who had neither fine hair nor fine complexions wore false; and what they could not mend they did not cover the more for that. We hardly remember any very old woman by Vandyke, except such as his Infantas of Spain and his Margaret of Parma, who are pointed in their conventual garments; but there are plenty of specimens of a time of life for which such a costume as this was desperately out of season. His Alatheia Talbot is an example. She had evidently always been ugly, and apparently never been young. Nevertheless she is represented with her hair curling all over her head, and low on to her eyebrows—a decided wig—her cheeks doubly painted, first by herself, and then by Vandyke—a heavy double chin—a dress sedulously open, and all deterioration of quality carefully made up for by a proportionate increase of quantity. Doubtless a fine Vandyke, but, for all that, a quiz! Even the heroic Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby, whose young and graceful picture by Jansen was one of the greatest attractions at the British Gallery last summer, appears, when sitting to Vandyke, with at least ten years thrown off her dress, and many more than that added to her age.

"It must be admitted, too, that the airy ringletty style of coiffure, which is one of the distinctive marks of this painter, was only becoming, even in the young, to the most evanescent species of beauty. To the higher styles of physiognomy it can never have been favorable. It suited small delicate features and waxen complexions, where it played in light golden or chestnut curls, and cast violet shadows on pink foreheads. It became the round pearly Flemish faces, always fair and always fat, of Terburg's and Netscher's ladies, who generally appear in this coiffure. It did well for faces like trim little villas, which may be overgrown with creepers, or overhung with willows; but fine features, like fine mansions, want space around them, and least of all can the smooth expanse of the forehead be spared; and dark complexions require the relief of still darker masses of hair; and dark massive hair is meant to lie languidly in

grand, easy forms, and not to twist and twirl and stand on tiptoe in trivial and transparent curls. We grudge the fine foreheads that have been frittered away by this coiffure, and long to lift up all that smothering fringe, and throw open the upper lights of the face. Honthorst's picture of the Queen of Bohemia is a specimen of this. She has the finely proportioned features, deep melancholy eyelids, and prophetic expression of Charles I.—a face, when young, to have bound with a classic fillet like a Cassandra—when old, to have swathed in drapery like one of Michael Angelo's Fates—or, at any age, to have crowned with a royal diadem like a Queen as she had been;—but which, as here given, with the dark heavy hair, like a curtain half-way down, hanging in a straight line over her eyebrows, and doubtless truer to reality than in Vandyke's lighter forms, looks as if all the real expression of the face were quenched—as if, like herself, it had been deprived of its native rights and inheritance.

"This coiffure continues into the time of Charles II., only that the little curls hang longer and looser, and seem, like the rest of the costume, to have arrived at their places more by accident than design. As for Lely's pictures, they are neither to be considered as authority for old nor for young. His ladies can only be compared to Irish beggars, wandering roofless, without clothes enough to cover them, and what they have all hanging by a single pearl. The contour of the figure, utterly concealed in some parts by a huddled confusion of drapery, in others is not concealed by anything at all—a profusion of gown just about their knees, but a great falling off above, as if it had slipped from their shoulders and tumbled into their laps—a costume they have apparently slept in the night before coming to Sir Peter's studio, or might retire to rest in without change immediately on quitting it—all looking young and fair and merry, but none in the least innocent. As to an old woman by Lely, we might as well expect a young one by Rembrandt, or a refined one by Rubens. Such an anomaly does not exist. Poor Catherine of Braganza, in his second picture of her, painted with a loose scarf over her chemise, is as old a sitter as any he ever attempted, but she looks more like a bloated child cheated of a box of sugar-plums than a corpulent, middle-aged, ill-used woman.

"We pass over Hogarth. Unquestionable as is his authority for portions and details of a woman's dress, we see it rather as subservient to his particular intention, and that intention one of singling out particular characteristics, than as indicative of the average appearance of society. Hogarth dressed his women doubtless strictly in the fashion of the day, but still always strictly for his own purposes. They are always ogling, leering, scolding, or simpering, and the dress doing the same. Neither would he have painted costume, nor the Spectator written upon it, had not that which fell under their notice been rather the novelty than the order of the day. Hogarth dealt in extremes. His costumes can be equally all that is modest, as all that is bold; and of course he was right, for a Hogarth will find both in any age or garb. He would have made Lely's loose undress look modest, or Holbein's rigid covering impudent, if it had suited his purpose; but this does not tell us how far the general character of the dress of that time was expressive of either.

"We leap at once to him who has done more than any one else to vindicate the art of portrait-painting as indigenous to our country—who started it afresh from its lethargy, and recovered it from its errors—placed himself at once above all his countrymen who have preceded him, and has remained above all who had followed. Like Holbein and Vandyke, Sir Joshua put his stamp upon the times; or rather, like a true artist and philosopher, he took that aggregate impression which the times gave. Each has doubtless given his sitters a character of his own, but this is not our argument. Each has also made his sitters what the costume of the time contributed

to make them. If Vandyke's women are dignified and lofty, it is his doing, for he was dignified and lofty in all his compositions; if they are also childish and trivial, it is the accident of the costume; for he was never either in his other pictures. If Reynolds's sitters are all simple, earnest, and sober, it is because he was the artist, for he was so in all he touched: if they are also stately, refined, and intellectual, it was the effect of the costume, for he was not so in his other conceptions. For instance, Lady St. Asaph, with her infant, lolling on a couch, in a loose tumbled dress, with her feet doubled under her, is sober and respectable looking—in spite of her dress and position. Mrs. Hope, in an enormous cabbage of a cap, with her hair over her eyes, is blowsy and vulgar in spite of Reynolds.

"To our view the average costume of Sir Joshua was excessively beautiful. We go through a gallery of his portraits with feelings of intense satisfaction, that there should have been a race of women who could dress so decorously, so intellectually, and withal so becomingly. Not a bit of the costume appeals to any of the baser instincts. There is nothing to catch the vulgar or fix the vicious. All is pure, noble, serene, benevolent. They seem as if they would care for nothing we could offer them, if our deepest reverence were not with it. We stand before them like Satan before Eve, 'stupidly good,' ready to adjure all the fallacies of the Fathers, all the maxims of the moderns—ready to eat their own words if they disapproved them—careless what may have been the name or fame, family or fortune, of such lofty and lovely creatures—yea, careless of their very beauty, for the soul that shines through it. And then to think that they are all dead!

"The mere inventory is soon given. An enormous pile of powdered hair, rising with an easy curve direct from the forehead, and ascending story upon story, with jewels or feathers intermixed, or a scarf carelessly wound round it. The dress fitting close to the figure made high on the shoulders and low in front. The sleeves tight, and finishing at the elbow, with deep double or treble ruffles. The waist long and small, with a rich girdle slung around it. The skirt descending in heavy folds, much the same as in the Vandyke portraits, or tucked up round the waist in coquettish puffs, showing a rich petticoat underneath. Sometimes a graceful upper robe with collar and facings of ermine, entirely open in front, and held on apparently only by loose sleeves through which the arms are passed. Plenty of rich laces, edge over edge up to the throat for the old, or a frill round the throat for the elderly—no tags or trumpery, or reliance on small manœuvres, but all in good large masses and continuous lines.

"But the refined and intellectual side of this costume is not so easily described. This first resides especially in the shoulders and bust, which, owing perhaps to the superincumbent weight of the head, bend slightly forward with ineffable grace, showing us as plain as possible the flat, well-shaped back we do not see. Beautifully does the dress sit round this portion of the figure, clinging closely rather than fitting tightly; with none of that stuffed appearance too common in our modern belles—who seem as if they took the shape of their dresses, and not *vice versa*—as if they were cast into them like metals into a mould—but breaking into a thousand easy puckers and folds, as if the dress followed the sweet windings of the form in its own free way, rather than was strained tight to display it—we have said it was long and small—but we should not know where it was at all, but for those easy lines which warp round it, and for that rich girdle which has slipped down naturally to the smallest part. Then the high make of the dress on the shoulders has a peculiar refinement, giving that vestal-like narrowness to this part of the person which conveys the idea of feminine delicacy and elasticity, rather than of masculine width and strength—the chest, however, not contracted, but showing its free rise by the

graceful oval with which the line of the dress dips across it. Lightly does this portion of the figure rise from the spreading drapery below, like an urn from its pedestal, and lightly does it carry that ponderous head-dress above, as if its action were steadied but not encumbered by the weight.

"In this high head-dress lies the intellect of the picture, and a thousand other charms. Whenever we see the upward line of the forehead continued, whether in the grandest specimen of ancient art, or the commonest costume of peasant life, we feel that a mental dignity is given to the whole person. It is the *idea* of elevation in the part where by nature it is most noble which conveys this impression. A woman thus costumed looks like a High Priestess, dedicated to noble things. This is more especially the case when it is the hair itself which gives this height to the head. For, of all the weapons of beauty which a woman possesses for good or for evil, it is her hair in which lies most of the expression of either. It is the low head, with loose wandering tresses, more than any other feature of the dress or undress, which from the days of the syrens or mythology to those of Charles II.'s 'glorious gallery,' has most undeniably revealed the Dalilah. Gather them up or conceal them under a hood, and the woman is reformed. On this account very long loose flowing hair is only suitable for children or very young girls. A woman with her hair on her shoulders infallibly looks untidy or something worse.

"What countenance is there also which does not improve with the uncovering of the forehead?—not protruding, bare and bald, as when the hair is tightly drawn back from it, which few can stand, but rearing itself up like a grand pillar beneath a lofty parapet, receiving shelter in return for yielding support, and looking firm and stately, as if able to bear that or anything else in the world we might like to put upon it. But it is not so much the forehead alone, as a particular part of it, for which we recommend this coiffure. It is that exquisite line along the roots of the hair—the graceful undulation of the *shores* of the head, thus given to sight, with which we are fascinated. Here the skin is invariably found finer, and the colors tenderer, than in any other part of the human face—like the smooth pure sands where the tide has just retired. This is a portion the more intended to be shown, inasmuch as time seems to make no impression upon it. It is always beautiful, whether peeped at under the sunny locks of childhood, or seen glittering among the snowy hairs of age.

"Nor can there be a greater mistake than to condemn this style of head-dress, as many thoughtlessly do, for the size it gives to the head. It may do this in fact, but it does not in idea, and it is the impression a costume produces on the mind for which we are contending. Wherever the face and forehead are left totally free, as in Sir Joshua's pictures, we feel the head-dresses above them to be a distinct thing. They are not part of it, they only support it, and that most lightly, too. We should as soon think of calling Rubens's female figures in his 'Abraham offering bread and wine to Melchizedek' at Lord Westminster's, large headed, because they are carrying great baskets of fruit. But the moment the face is covered in any way by the hair, or both face and hair are covered by anything else, as in the case of Mrs. Hope, with her loose coiffure and immense cap, the distinction ceases—head and head-dress become one, and the impression left is no longer of a head carrying a load with ease and freedom, but of one overpowered beneath it. This rule does not apply when such a cap or coiffure is seen on a child, as in Sir Joshua's picture of little Lady Caroline Clinton feeding her cocks and hens; for children by nature have large heads, and the intellectual expression produced by the bare forehead and face is out of character with them.

"Even with the high coiffure we have been commending, it will not do to have any portion of the hair upon the forehead. We see this in

the Duchess of Marlborough's picture, who, though with her hair raised up in the usual style of the day, has a part of it falling in loose boughs on the forehead, by which the whole lightness of the effect is destroyed. Conceal any part of the support, and that which is supported will instantly look top-heavy. Show the whole face and you may put what you will upon it. This may have been partly owing, we admit, to the absence of powder in this instance—for in no respect was the wisdom of our grandmothers more apparent than in the use of this ingredient. There may have been a thousand objections to powder—upon which all these books of costume are very eloquent—but those ladies knew that it heightened their complexion, brightened their eyes and lightened their whole general aspect; and, like sensible women, were satisfied that such reasons for, were worth all that could be brought against it. At all events, let these have been what they may, we cannot help thinking our grandmothers quite as justifiable in imitating grey hair when young, as their grand-daughters in buying Jew-black or Barber's-brown tresses when old.

"It is true, perhaps, as respects the domestic habits of life, that the dress of Sir Joshua's portraits was not adapted for any very active utilitarian feats. It was not made for walking fast or far, for running, jumping, climbing, or any such extraordinary movement, but it was one in which, if a lady condescended to move at all, she did it with infinite grandeur and grace, and danced a minuet to perfection. The head-dress also did not precisely admit of a lady's nodding, or giggling, or romping—or of being forward, flighty, boisterous, or passionate—or awfully enthusiastic, lively, and bustling; but it was one in which she might smile bewitching, or frowning deadly—be graciously interested, or sovereignly indifferent—be sweet, feminine, earnest, and confiding—capricious, arch, sly, and even saucy to the greatest possible advantage.

"From that time to this we consider there has not been a costume fit for a woman to wear; and how so many have condescended to live and die in the unbecoming absurdities which fill the fashion books and encumber our walls, we must leave for some 'Lady of Rank' to solve."

ON A WILD FLOWER FOUND AT HOBOKEN.

It grew upon a sloping bank
Beside a common stone,
And in the starry silence drank
The dews of Heaven alone.

Unheeded as alike unknown
It dwelt contented there;
Yet graced one little spot of green,
And blessed one breath of air.

And if the dreamer passing by
No gladness from it caught,
It was because the roving eye
A bolder beauty sought.

So may I pass my simple lot
Content to be unknown,
If thus from me some humble spot
Shall more of sweetness own. A. N. S.

The Fine Arts.

EXHIBITION AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.
SECOND SALOON.

No. 194. *A Sicilian Forest*, and 195, *Land-scape*, by A. ACHENBACH, are two remarkable German landscapes. As literal transcripts of nature, and for exquisite finish, they are models for study unexampled in this exhibition. The subject of the first one named is not picturesque, so far as mere form is concerned; but there is a feeling of solitude pervading it, which cannot fail to produce its effect upon the mind of one who dwells upon it for a short time, and enters into the spirit of the artist. A botanist would revel in this picture: every leaf, branch, flower, shrub, in short every object in the picture is painted with exceeding care, yet, notwithstand-

ing this excess of finish in detail, the breadth of the whole is admirably preserved. The latter named picture contains a peculiar, and what to a superficial observer, might be regarded as an unnatural effect of light. Yet how often have we seen equally extravagant effects at sunset in our own climate? The warm glow of the retiring sun irradiating with a fiery orange color everything upon which it rests, while everything in shadow is cool and quiet, is not an unwonted spectacle; and should any of our artists paint one of these sunsets, as we have often studied them, it would be pronounced equally extravagant and contradictory. It is only a man of extraordinary skill and judgment who can grapple with these occasional, almost supernatural effects in nature; and the nearer they approach to success, the more likely are they to be pronounced lunatics by the unthinking. Mediocrity is satisfied to repeat what has been done before, with nature in her homespun, while true genius explores all the mysterious caverns of nature, brings to light unknown beauties, and bequeathes to those who are to follow after him, a world of new themes for thought. No matter if the unreasoning world does stand agape at what they flippantly denounce as eccentricities and crazed fancies, the man of genius is never appalled, but pursues his purpose with the assiduity of the old alchemists, with this difference, that he sometimes lights upon scintillations of the *essence of life*, while their researches always ended in dross.

No. 199. *The Mountain Pass*. CHAS. DEAS. This is the best picture by this artist in the present exhibition. The action of the figure turning in the saddle, as if in sudden surprise, is good. The horse, too, appears to have caught the alarm, which is happily expressed in his eye. The neck of the horse is badly inserted, and the fore feet stand too rigid and uniform for the position of the hind feet. In color the picture is not altogether agreeable—it partakes too much of the pink, and the execution is crude, sketchy.

No. 122. *Piety and Folly*. D. HUNTINGTON.

"Better to hear the rebuke of the wise than the song of the fool."

A very good idea, and in general well expressed. It represents an old man reading the Scriptures to two females, and the artist's skill is taxed to express the different effects of the subject upon the two listeners. With the one, the seed falls upon good ground—she listens attentively and with reverence—while the other gives no heed to the good word, but laughs in the folly of her heart. The face of this latter figure is good, the character is well expressed, and the color is agreeable. The bust, however, is not good. The left breast is withered, and the arm is badly inserted. The face of the figure characterizing piety, is the best point in the picture to our mind. The feeling of devotion is well rendered. The old man is tolerable in form and character, but positively bad in color. The hand would be no credit to a sign painter. There is a head of a female hanging near this picture, by the same artist, which in many respects pleases us better than this.

No. 231. *Scene at Rome during the Carnival*. G. A. BAKER. There is some very clever painting in this picture, and the drawing generally is good. The subject is one with which we have no sympathy, and the best possible painting would only make it tolerable. Mr. Baker has too much skill to waste it upon such subjects.

No. 232. *Children on the Sea Shore*. J. G. CHAPMAN. This little picture embodies

Chapman's two extremes—bad drawing and neat execution. The only figure in it passably well drawn is the youngest child—that is child-like and pretty. The boy sitting down is one of the worst drawn figures in the exhibition—we make no exception. He is a hideous hunchback. If Mr. Chapman designs to set himself up as a teacher of drawing, &c., he should remember the old saying—"Physician, heal thyself."

THIRD SALOON.

We come now to the third, or small saloon, in which will be found two fine female heads by Elliott, and a Portrait of Freeman by the same artist. No. 334 is one of the sweetest examples of female portraiture we have seen in a long time. One of Spencer's best heads is also in this room, a Portrait of LAUNITZ, the sculptor. The Portrait of Mr. MOONEY, by himself, is not as good as we have seen from him—the background is too hot. *Greenwood Lake*, by CHAPMAN, is weak and unnatural; but there is a little study from nature in the room which we like much. The Landscapes by Frankenstein are well executed, but cold in color, and uninteresting in subject. *Twilight Hours*, by ROSITER, is of the sickly sentimental school, tawdry in color and unmeaning in composition. *Ranney's SLEIGHING* is spirited, but badly drawn. The dog looks like a fish's vertebra. *Gignoux's NIAGARA* in winter is imposing, and no doubt truthful. The Portrait of *Capt. Stringham*, U. S. N., by HUNTINGTON, is a well painted head. *An Evening at Home*, by EDWIN WHITE, is a very pleasing picture. The light is warm and glowing, and the color is distributed judiciously. The old lady's head is a little out of drawing, but as a whole it is one of this artist's most successful pictures.

Among the Miniatures, those by T. S. OFFICER are remarkable for fine character, accurate drawing, richness of color, and great freedom and breadth in the handling. The miniature of Professor Mapes is exceedingly fine in all the above named particulars, as is also the one of Mr. Chilton. Mr. Officer has but recently come among us, and we trust that our citizens will manifest their good taste by doing all in their power to keep him with us. SHUMWAY also exhibits some fine Miniatures. He has long occupied a prominent position as a miniature painter, and it affords us great satisfaction to observe such evidences of his industry and progress. There are also in this room some very clever Miniatures by Miss M. L. WAGNER. The only fault we would find is with the hands, which are too small. The heads are well drawn and painted. McDougall's Miniatures are very good.

Among the drawings, is one by P. P. DUGGAN, which is called *Retribution*, possessing great merit. The conception partakes of the severe style of the German school, and is designed to illustrate the following passage from Goethe:—

• • • • "Ye dread celestial powers,
Ye lead us onward into life—ye leave
The wretch to fall, then yield her up, in woe,
Remorse, and pain, unceasingly to grieve;
For every sin is punished here below."

Some of the water color portraits by S. E. DUBOURJAL, are exceedingly spirited. They are happily arranged, and drawn with much care. There is something fascinating about this style of portrait when well executed, as these are. There are many other sketches in water color worthy of note in this room, but our limits will not permit us to particularize. A Sketch, by DARLEY, in outline, is full of character. In our next number we shall close the

catalogue with some remarks upon the statuary.

The Philadelphia Academy Exhibition is attracting great and deserved attention. As a whole it is superior to any similar collection ever brought together in this country. The pictures of the late Mr. Carey, the Mercy's Dream of Huntington, the Porcupine of Powers, the Landscape of Wilson and others, well-known favorites, now grace the same gallery as Allston's Elisha. Portraits by Stuart, Sea Views by Salvator, Female Heads by Sully, American Scenery by Russel Smith, are ranged beneath the same roof, that covers admirable castings of the gates of the Florence baptistery, while the gems of Mr. Towne's collection, Leutze's Mary Stuart, &c., add to the variety. The rooms of the academy are easy of access, and lighted with admirable judgment. A Cattle Piece by Backhuysen excites more interest than any other picture in the exhibition. It was imported from Holland last spring by a Philadelphia merchant, and is one of the most perfect reflections of moral life and nature ever put upon canvas. The following sonnet by Tuckerman which we copy from the Philadelphia North American, shows how nearly it addresses the feelings of the poet.

SONNET.

ON BACKHUYSEN'S LANDSCAPE.

Not for the eye alone are here outspread
Skies, fields, and herds in such divine repose;
The soul of beauty that to these is wed,
Through the fair landscape tremulously glows!
We seem to feel the meadow's grateful air,
Hear the low breathing of the dreamy kine,
And the pure fragrance of the harvest share,
Until our hearts all cold distrust resign—
Feeling once more to truth and love allied;
And while the rich tranquillity we view,
Each good they have foretold and life denied,
Hope's sweetest promises again renew,
As if the twilight angel hovered there,
To wait from nature's rest a balm for human care.

"ART IN THE CONTINENTAL STATES OF EUROPE.—*Munich*.—Schwanthaler's studio is the great focus of brilliant reputation in sculpture. The Bavarian Pygmalion is ever busy in new creations, all inspired with the spirit of his genius; every month exhibits new models awaiting the industry and art of the carter to resist the common casualties of the destructive powers of nature, and remain for many centuries as the trophies of contemporary Monumental Art. We have seen and admired the models of four 'Victories,' to ornament the interior of the Befreiungshalle, or Hall of Deliverance. The idea and conception of the whole circle of statues are said to have originated in the genius of King Louis himself. Several other statues, to be placed in the same locality, are completed. No less striking are those for the Bohemian Walhalla, erected at the expense of Von Zeith, a private gentleman. The figures of Libussa, the prophetess, and of Premysl, an old agriculturist, receiving a crown, his left hand holding the mystic hazelnut-tree twig, are admirably executed. A full-length group, ordered by the Duke of Devonshire, in Carrara marble, is in progress, and will bear testimony to the skill of the Bavarian sculptor."

"VIENNA.—Herr Lewis Emanuel D. Tschelik, the successful inventor of the machinery for compositors, which is extensively employed in the Government printing establishment, has constructed a machine for distributing the types—an invention which is not inferior to the former. —Herr Rumelmeyer, the very able sculptor, has completed a clever gypsum model of 'St. Cecilia,' represented at the moment when, as the legend says, she heard a chorus of singing angels accompanying her as she played on the organ."

"BERNE.—Two very able artists, painters, and sculptors, have lately done honor to Berne—the Herren Vollmer and T. Tschanner. The latter has designed and modelled a fine statue of Duke Berchthold of Zähringen (to whom the city of Berne owes its origin), cast in the Royal Foundry at Munich. Another work of Art, executed by Vollmer, is of equal excellence—an equestrian statue of Rodolphus von Erlach, the victor of Lampen."

"ROME.—Schrader, the eminent historical painter, has completed an excellent picture, the more to be prized as this branch of the art of painting, for many reasons, still continues to be so insufficiently cultivated that a good historical production must ever be looked upon and hailed as a rare phenomenon. The subject of the work is 'The Surrender of Calais to Edward III.'"

"PARIS.—Horace Vernet has sent to Blois a painting for the subscription now in progress in favor of the sufferers by the inundation of the Loire. The subject is 'A Scene in Algeria,' and is painted with all the artist's wonted energy and talents. Ary and H. Scheffer, Isacey, Delacroix, Cogniet, &c., are also contributors to this good work."—*London Art-Union for May*.

Music.

THE Semiramide has been produced at Palmo's more effectively than we anticipated, considering the recent illness of Signorina Barilli and the short period allowed for rehearsals. We perceived no diminution of interest on the part of the audience in this superb masterpiece. The overture was listened to with marked attention, and the duett was warmly applauded. Pico's first scena was acted and sung with undiminished power. She carried all hearts with her throughout the evening. Her Arsace is a great and satisfactory part, and her new costume is a decided improvement. The Norma has been performed in Boston with success, and the Desert was ably revived at the Apollo last week. Sanquirico and Palti went out in the Washington to arrange for the new Opera House.

Varieties.

BALLAD.

I.

HARK! the trumpet's note through all our valleys;—
Red, the plains are weeping with the strife;
The song and dance have fled our peaceful alleys,
And the young warrior leaves the drooping wife;
But will she cling to homes by love forsaken?—
Not long she droops when from her side he goes;
In boyhood's guise, the weapon she hath taken,
And, all unknown, she fights against his foes!—
She hears the cry, "to arms,"
No fear her soul alarms,
As still, with lance in rest, she seeks the thick array;
Beside him, as he flies
From foe to foe, she plies
The eager steel and shares the glory of the fray!

II.

Hark! the trumpet's note from fight recalling,
Night is in the deep with solemn eye;
Sad the starlight on the red plain falling,
Shows the wounded soldiers where to die!
In the mournful bivouack beside him,
She hath crouch'd in silence,—not to sleep;
But, above the slumbers not denied him,
With fond thought, a patient watch to keep!
Is it her name she hears,
That, borne to eager ears,
Glides from his sleeping lips her soul to bless?—
Ah! with what idle part,
Would she subdue her heart,
Love triumphs still, and he awakes in her caress.

PIERRE VIDAL.

AMHERST COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.—The erection of the buildings for the College cabinet and for the Observatory is commenced. They are to stand nearly in front of the College edifices, on the site of the old parish meeting house, which, according to ancient custom, was erected on the highest eminence in the village—an eminence from which the eye takes in a long reach of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut. The buildings are to consist of an octagonal edifice, some 36 feet in diameter, and about the same in height; of the observatory, about 40 feet in height, with an intervening structure connecting them, which is to cover the entrance to both; and of a small projection for the transit rooms. They are to be constructed of brick, and finished on the exterior in stucco. The whole cost of the structures will be \$9000 or \$10,000, almost all of which has been contributed for the purpose.—*Hampshire Gazette*.

ENGLISH HIGH LIFE.—At Marlborough Street Police-office, on Tuesday, the Earl of Mornington appeared in answer to a summons obtained by the parish of St George, Hanover Square, to show cause why he neglected to support his wife, Helena Countess of Mornington. Mr. Clarkson was spokesman for the Earl. He hinted at "extravagance" on the part of the lady; but abstained from entering with any minuteness into the cause of disagreement between Lord Mornington and his wife. He mentioned, however, that an offer had been made to allow Lady Mornington 800*l.* a year; an offer that was declined, as she appeared to expect that she would get more by means of a suit now pending. He stated that the defendant was willing to submit to any decision of the Magistrate—to pay whatever he might order for the support of Lady Mornington till a superior court should have decided to what allowance she was entitled. Mr. Bingham, the presiding magistrate, said he could only treat the case like any other application from parish-officers against husbands; and he ordered Lord Mornington to pay the outlay incurred by the parish in maintaining his lady.—*Spectator*.

A curious literary discovery connected with Burns has just been announced. It is stated that there is manuscript evidence to show that much of the good poetry in the Scotch hymns and paraphrases owes its existence to the emendations of the Ayrshire bard. Hitherto the corrections on those compositions have been ascribed to Logan, a minister of South Leith, and author of *Runnymede*, a tragedy, and of the posthumous *Sermons* which bear his name. In collections of poetry he is named as the author of *Ode to the Cuckoo*, but even of this honor his memory is about to be deprived, for that ode, as well as other pieces of which he obtained the credit, is now said to have been written by Michael Bruce, well known as the author of the verses entitled *Spring*. It is curious, if true, that the people of Scotland should all this time have been singing Burns in their devotions, without a suspicion of the fact.—*Spectator*.

The front of the first altar of Westminster Abbey has recently been discovered above the presses containing the wax figures. This altar had been, in all probability, removed when the tomb and oratory of Henry V. were erected. It is some twelve feet long by four feet high, and most admirably executed. There is a single figure of St. Peter extremely beautiful.—*London Spectator*.

An Indian Prince, named Raden Salek ben Jagya, a pupil of a Dutch painter, named Verboeckhoven, has sent a picture to the exhibition of paintings in Paris. It represents a Javanese mounted on a buffalo and castrating away a deer, when a tiger springs upon him to seize the spoil. The undismayed hunter buries his lance in the tiger's side. The picture is said to be well drawn, and finished in all its details with remarkable care.—*Spectator*.

Recent Publications.

Young American's Magazine of Self-Improvement. Edited by George C. Leight. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Boston.

This periodical is quite unique among the many similar publications of the day, and has special claims to support. It is published on the fifteenth of every alternate month, and the contents are half original and half selected. It is intended as an organ of progress and self-improvement. The style of the articles, their subjects, and the names of the writers, all indicate a high and useful aim. The work is neatly printed and judiciously arranged. It is sold for twenty cents a copy. We know of no magazine so worthy of a place in the family circle. It is neither partisan nor frivolous, and combines instruction with amusement, far more tastefully than is generally the case with this species of popular literature.

Perfumery: its Manufacture and Use. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1847.

The title of this book at once suggests its French origin. The acme of luxurious detail, in regard to the toilet, is realized in Paris; and the present volume is compiled from Celnart, and other late authorities, with additions and improvements by Campbell Morfit, himself a practical chemist. The amount and variety of perfumery in general use, as revealed by this treatise, is very remarkable. It has also a practical value, as it contains recipes for all the fashionable preparations, and will prove a useful manual not only to the perfumer, but to the druggist and soap manufacturer.

Picciola; or, Captivity Captive. By X. B. Saintaine. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1847.

Our readers are doubtless familiar with this exquisite little story; and an analysis of its simple but charming plot and beautiful moral is quite unnecessary. We are pleased to see that the original publishers have found inducement to issue the present improved edition, although we think the popularity of the book authorizes a still more elegant type, binding, and style of illustration. The present, however, is a desirable improvement upon the former editions, and the woodcuts from the French copy are apt and pleasing.

Phrenology, designed for the use of Schools and Families. By Mrs. L. N. Fowler. New York: Fowler & Wells. 1847.

A FAMILIAR exposition of the elements of a science confessedly based upon nature. It is fitted to give children some admirable ideas of mental philosophy—as each quality of the mind and attribute of character is defined and illustrated. A series of questions at the foot of the page essentially aid both teacher and pupil. The work is neatly printed and contains several wood-cuts.

The History of St. Giles and St. James. By Douglas Jerrold. Boston: Redding & Co. 1847.

We have already noticed another edition of this deservedly popular work, and allude to this to commend it for its completeness, and the two superior illustrations by Avery.

A Critical Pronouncing Dictionary and Exposition of the English Language. By John Walker. Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliott & Co. 1847.

A NEW edition, in cheap but neat style, of a standard work, abridged for the use of schools, by an American citizen.

Keeping up Appearances, or A Tale for Rich and Poor. By T. S. Arthur. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1847.

ONE of the most popular of a series of practical moral tales which appear to be received by those for whom they are intended, with remarkable favor.

Publishers' Circular.

MEDAL OF GENERAL TAYLOR.—A medal has been shown us bearing a profile head of General Taylor, which is decidedly the best likeness that we have seen of old Rough and Ready. There is too precise and Frenchmanlike an air in some of the engraved portraits, to convey the character of the illustrious original; for, with all its iron strength, the countenance of General Taylor is singularly free from all expression of restraint, much less of artificiality. There may be better likenesses in existence than that of the medallion in question, but we repeat that it is decidedly the best which has come under our view, and we think would be thus recognised by all who have seen the never-to-be-forgotten features of the old hero. The medal in question has but recently been struck off, and may be seen at No. 4 La Farge Buildings, in Broadway.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

JOHN ALLEN, 139 Nassau Street, will shortly publish, "Guardian Spirits; or, a Case of Vision into the Spiritual World, translated from the German of H. Wana, with parallels from Emmanuel Swedenborg." By Rev. A. E. Ford. A remarkable case of Magnetic expansion. He will also bring out during the present summer, a volume of Documents respecting Swedenborg, edited by Prof. Bush, containing a full account of that remarkable man both as a philosopher and as a spiritual seer. Likewise, in the Swedenborg Library, "A Review of Dr. Ford, on the Facts and Philosophy of Swedenborg," showing that in every point on which the Dr. has objected to the scientific principles of Swedenborg, the truth is with the latter instead of the former.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES, FROM MAY 29 TO JUNE 10.

ALLEN'S Brief Compend of American Agriculture. Second edition. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 347 (Saxton), \$1.
ALLEN'S (Thaddeus) Inquiry into the Views, Principles, Services, and Influences of the leading men in the origination of the Union (Clark & Austin).
BURNET'S (Jacob) Notes on the Early Settlement of the North Western Territory. 1 handsome vol. 8vo. pp. 501 (Appletons), \$2 50.
BOND.—The Master Mariner's Guide in the Management of his Ship's Company, with respect to their health, &c. (Burgess & Co.), 50 cents.
CHAIN OF DESTINY; or, Adventures of a Vagabond. By the author of the "Orange Girl of Venice." 8vo. 25 cents.
CHESS-PLAYER'S MAGAZINE. Edited by Stanley. No. 8, for June (Martin), 25 cents.
CRUMMELL.—The Man, the Hero, and the Christian. A Eulogy on Clarkson. 1 vol. (Egbert & Co.).
DENIS.—"Tammany Hall," and other Miscellaneous Poems. By Alexander Denis. 12mo. pp. 46 (Kernot), 12 1/2 cents.
FASCINATION; or, the Philosophy of Charming, illustrating the Principle of Life in connexion with Spirit and Matter. By Dr. J. B. Newman (Fowler & Wells), 40 cts.
HAZEN'S Composition Book, No. 2, designed to accompany the Grammatical Readers, or any other Grammars. 4to. (Redfield), 12 1/2 cents.
HORTICULTURIST, for June. Edited by Downing. (Newman & Co.) 25 cents.
HOWITT'S Homes and Haunts of British Poets. 2 vols. with over 40 beautiful engravings (Harpers), \$3.
HOYT.—Rain; a Rural Reminiscence: a Poem.—And A Shower; a Poem. By the Rev. Ralph Hoyt. 3 parts, 8vo. (Shepherd), 12 1/2 cents.
IRISH SKETCH BOOK. By M. A. Thackeray. 8vo. with engravings (Berford & Co.), 50 cents.
JACK SHEPHERD; a Romance. By W. H. Ainsworth. 8vo. with engravings (Burgess & Co.) 50 cents.
KEAN.—The Life and Correspondence of Edmund Kean, the Tragedian. New and cheaper edition. 1 vol. 12mo. (Harpers), 25 cents.
KEEPING UP APPEARANCES; a Tale for the Rich and the Poor. By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol. 12mo. (Baker & Scribner).
MARIAN; or, the Young Maid's Fortune. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. New and cheaper edition. 2 vols. 12mo. large type (Harpers), 50 cents.
M URICEAU.—The Married Woman's Private Medical Companion. Second edition. 1 vol. (The Author), \$1.
MCLIVAIN.—The Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. By J. H. McIlvaine. 1 vol. (Dodd).
PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. No. XXIV. (Harpers), 25 cents.
PICTURE STORY BOOKS. By Great Authors and Great Painters, viz:
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Dr. MOR. FD. SCHMALTZ, neue Predigten üb. die in Hamburg neu angeordneten bibl. Abschnitte. Leipzig, 1846. 4th edition. 2 vols. 8vo. \$1 75.

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LATEINISCHE HYMNEN und Gesänge des Mittelalters, deutsch; unter Beibehaltung der Versmaasse von Dr. G. A. Königsfeld; unter Beifügung briefl. Bemerk. u. Uebersetz. von A. W. v. Schlegel. Bonn, 1846, 75 cents.

HEINR. HATTEMER, Denkmale des Mittelalters. 2 vols. 8vo. St. Gallen, 1846, \$5 50.

DIE NIBELUNGEN-SAGE u. das Nibelungen-Lied von Ottm. F. H. Schönuth. 2d edition. Tübingen, 1846, 25 cents.

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DIE KLAGE sammt Sigent und Egentlet, nach dem Abdruck der ältesten Handschriften des Frhrn. Jos. v. Lassberg. Mit Einleitung u. Wörterbuch herausg. von O. F. H. Schönuth. 2d edition. Tübingen, 1846. 50 cents.

ATHIS UND PROPHILIAS, von Wihl Grimm. Berlin, 1846, 4to. \$1 50.

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